NEW-ENGLAND GALAXY.

NO LEVELL'D MALICE
INFECTS ONE COMMA OF THE COURSE I HOLD.—*Shakspeare.*

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AGENTS.

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Georgetown, (D. C.) Benjamin Homans, Esq.
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MISCELLANIES.

The annexed beautiful lines appeared many years ago in a London periodical, under the following remarks. We can scarcely imagine any thing more tender and touching than the third stanza. 'If ever man died of love, it was Edward Morton. The lady to whom he became early attached, was married to another. Morton was present at the marriage, and was never seen to smile afterwards. Morton died at Corfu. A portrait of the lady was found in his portfolio, wrapped up in these lines':—

I saw the wedded—thou didst go
Within the sacred aisle,
Thy young cheek in a blushing glow,
Between a tear and smile.
Thy heart was glad in maiden glee,
But he it loved so fervently
Was faithless all the while;
I hate him for the vow he spoke—
I hate him for the vow he broke.

I hid the love that could not die,
Its doubts and hopes and fears,
And buried all my misery
In secrecy and tears;
And days passed on, and thou didst prove,
The pang of unrequited love,
E'en in thy early years:
And thou didst die, so fair and good!
In silence and in solitude!

While thou wert living, I did hide
Affection's secret pains;
I'd not have shocked thy modest pride
For all the world contains.
But thou hast perished—and the fire
That often cheek'd could ne'er expire,
Again unbidden reigns;
It is no crime to speak my vow,
For ah, thou canst not hear it now!

Thou sleep'st beneath the lowly stone,
That dark and dreamless sleep;
And he, thy loved and chosen one—
Why goes he not to weep?
He does not kneel where I have knelt,
He cannot feel what I have felt—
The anguish still and deep;
The painful thought of what has been
The canker worm that is not seen!

But I—as o'er the dark blue wave
Unconsciously I ride,
My thoughts are hovering o'er thy grave,
My soul is by thy side,
There is one voice that wails thee yet,
One heart that never can forget
The visions that have died;
And aye thy form is buried there
A doubt—an anguish—a despair!

[From the New Gil Blas.]

A MODERN MIRACLE.

"'Thy name, I think, is Fernando,' said one of the friars to me one day, leading me into the cloisters, as I was passing out from dinner. 'Fernando is my name,' said I, 'and my name is all my inheritance.' 'Thou art poor, no doubt,' rejoined he; 'but I design that thou shalt soon be richer, if thou will consent to obey my instructions that are to produce so agreeable a result;' and the friar then explained to me how that the finances of the convent were miserably low—that a new organ for the chapel and many ornaments for the major altar were wanted; and that on the occasion of the approaching festival, when it was always the custom for the devout to lay some little offering upon the altar of the saint, it was intended to warm devotion by some striking display of the saint's gratitude: and finally, I was made to understand that if I would consent to personate the saint, by wearing his garments and crown—to hold a silver salver in my hand to receive the offerings, and to bow my head whenever the donation exceeded a *duro*—I should be rewarded with a thousand reals; but upon condition that I should immediately afterwards quit Valencia, and reside in some other town. * * * Upon the day appointed for the celebration of the festival, I was received by the superior, whom I found to be the same individual who had formerly spoken with me, and who, with two or three others, was alone in the secret of the pious fraud in which I was to be an actor.—'By this,' said he, 'we confirm the wavering, and strengthen the faith of the true Catholic—and thus the end justifies the means.' The habiliments of the saint were ample; and the image having been removed, I easily slipped into its place, divesting myself only of my cloak, and found room enough within the flowings of the cloth of gold that covered my assumed dress; the crown was placed upon my head, a veil covering the mask upon my face, and a massive silver salver in my hand, which, somehow or other, seemed to grow to my fingers. Thus prepared, the chapel doors were thrown open, and the main bell began to chime. And now the devout Valencians poured in, and crowded into the chapel, where I stood beneath a silver gilded canopy. The walls of the convent had been judiciously circulated by the friars; nor had less pains been taken to encourage a belief that some visible manifestation of the saint's good will and gratitude might be expected. The first that entered were some beggars with little more than their tattered brown cloaks to cover them, and a few quartos dropped upon the salver; large offerings succeeded—pesetas, half and whole duros; but no sign of gratitude or good will escaped from the saint. At length a gold piece rung upon the salver, and forthwith the saint bent his head. The miracle was seen by all: a thousand thumbs had in an instant performed the sign of the cross; a thousand knees were bent; a loud and earnest hum of prayer rose from a thousand lips; as the same instant the organ pealed forth its loud anthem, and 'Glory to God, glory in the highest,' was the universal song of praise. But the miracle operated in a more substantial form; the prediction [?] of an influential saint was well worth the sacrifice of a few duros—gold poured into the salver; and to such an extent, that not only was the saint's neck weary of acknowledgement, and his arm of the weight with which devotion burthened it—but a new miracle became necessary; the silver salver was too small to contain its offerings, and the gold was beginning to slide off the heap; the saint, therefore, withdrawing the salver, deposited the contents somewhere within the folds of his under garments, and again extended the vessel to the awe struck devotees. The throng that had poured into the chapel at length began to lessen; and the mass having begun at the major altar, all hastened to place themselves before it; so that the chapel of the miraculous image was left for a time without a worshipper. Now, thought I, is the moment; slipping my arms out of the wide sleeves of the saint, I disentangled myself from the cumbrous garments, which were stiff enough to stand erect without the help either of an image or its representative; the mask I left propped in its place, and the salver also I would have left in the hand of the saint, had this been possible; but I was compelled to dispose of it otherwise—it followed its contents within my girdle; and having stealthily descended from the canopy, I threw my old cloak, which I had laid behind it, over my shoulders, and drawing my hat over my brows I walked leisurely out of the chapel, and thro' the church, and soon found myself in the Calle de Alboraya, and crossing the bridge of the Holy Trinity. What took place in the convent when mass was ended, at what time the discovery was made, or what steps were taken to trace the flight of the mock saint, I have no means of ascertaining, and never stopped to inquire; but satisfied that I had practised a less fraud upon the friars than they had practised upon the people, I continued my walk at no unusual pace, that I might avoid suspicion, along the avenue that leads to the port—engaged like others, in leisurely cutting up a melon, and eating it by the way."

[From the New-York Constellation.]

CONTINGENCIES.

When Yates, the comedian, was merging from his minority as an actor, it happened that his route to join a provincial company led him to the city of Oxford. With that economy which none understand more thoroughly than the votaries of Thespis, he dispatched his portmanteau by the wagon, and commenced his journey on foot. On his arrival at Oxford, towards evening, elated with the idea of seeing many of his old school fellows, he entered the first inn he came to, and desired to be shewn to a room. The waiter seemed to eye him with due estimation; there might be a respectability about him amounting to negus, but then his shoes, dusty from walking, might have reduced that respectability a shade in the waiter's opinion. "A room, Sir," said the waiter; "yes sir, this way sir, the coffee room!" "No," said our comedian, "a private room to myself!"—Perhaps the waiter thought him presumptuous—however, he led him through a long narrow, dark passage, into a large old fashioned apartment, that would have inspired an antiquarian or a romance writer with the highest veneration. Having placed the candle on the table, the waiter shuffled about the room, pretending to dust some antiquated glass that stood on an antique side board at the further end of the apartment; and when finished, there he stood like a true 'Oxonian waiting for *orders*.' Yates suffered him to leave the room and get half way the length of the passage, when he rang the bell; the waiter returned to the room in an instant.—"I believe you rang, sir?" said Napkin.—"Yes," said Yates, "bring me a pint of wine!" "Directly sir, port?" No, sherry, was the answer. When he returned with the wine, our comedian desired to have another candle. "Another candle, sir," said the waiter, "a pint of wine and a candle, sir; rule of the house, sir, master rather particular, a pint of wine and one candle, sir!" 'Oh, very well,' said Yates, "then bring another pint and another candle; and, hark'ee, bring pen, ink and paper." The wine, the additional candle, and writing materials having appeared, Yates sat down and wrote to a number of his personal friends, requesting their attendance.—When the first arrived, Yates desired the waiter to bring wine. His order was attended to, but without the additional candle.—"Hallo, waiter!" said the comedian, "here's a mistake! how is this? you have forgotten—you know it is a pint of wine and a candle—a candle and a pint of wine!" The candle was accordingly brought, and the same order for wine and its *accompaniment* was given on the entrance of every collegiate friend; so that when our hero had an opportunity of summing up his guests, he found he had 27 friends, 27 pints of wine, and 27 candles. For the three or four last arrivals, however, the candlesticks began to degenerate from silver plate down to bumble tin, and with the twenty eighth announcement came 'mine host,' bearing a chamber candlestick; he apologised for the waiter's impertinence, said it was entirely a mistake, and that our comedian had now in requisition every candlestick and pint decanter he had otherwise unoccupied in the house; and begged that for the credit of his inn, that if Yates should require more wine, he would have the goodness to drop the contingencies.

SUMMER'S GONE.

BY MRS. NORTON.

Hark! thro' the dim wood dying,
With a moan,
Faintly the winds are sighing—
Summer's gone!
There, when my bruised heart feeleth,
And the pale moan her face revealeth,
Darkly my footstep stealeth,
To weep alone.
Hour after hour I wander,
By men unseen—
And sadly my wrung thoughts ponder,
On what *hath* been.
Summer's gone!

There, in our own green bowers
Long ago,
Our path through the tangled flowers
Threading slow;
Oft hand in hand entwining—
Oft side by side reclining—
We've watched in its crimson shining
The sunset glow.
Dimly that sun now burneth
For me alone—
Spring after Spring returneth,
Thou art gone.
Summer's gone!

Still on my worn cheek playeth
The restless breeze;
Still in its freshness strayeth
Between the trees.
Still the blue streamlet gusheth—
Still the broad river rusheth—
Still the calm silence husheth
The heart's disease;
But who shall bring our meetings
Back again?
What shall recal *thy* greetings—
Loved in vain!
Summer's gone!

LONDON POLICE.

LAMBETH STREET. *Female Courtship.* Miss Rebecca Sanders was brought before Messrs. Walker and Matthias, to answer the complaint of Mrs. Ann Yates, who stated that the defendant resided in the same court with her, and, what was shocking to tell, she was continually decoying her son, a young man, only 19 years of age, into her house, and a courting on him with all her might.—Mrs. Yates was afraid that the defendant would lead her son astray, she, therefore, desired that she would court him no longer, on which Miss Sanders clapped her hands in her face, and declared that she would have him in spite of her. In addition to this she also threw a brickbat at her, which struck her on the leg.

The complainant, a tall meagre woman, during this recital, threw herself into a variety of strange attitudes, and made such shocking grimaces, that a Grimaldi would be puzzled to imitate, or a Cruickshank to depicture them. They had the effect of magic on the by standers, who whenever they looked in her face, underwent an irresistible contortion of countenance, and the gravity of all was shaken, save and except that of the Bench.

Mr. Walker, having observed Mrs. Yates's movements with some attention, requested her not to make such wry faces, on which she screwed her mouth up as if she had just swallowed a dose of rhubarb, and remained in a fixed position—while

Miss Rebecca Sanders indignantly denied the whole of the complainant's statement, and declared she "scorned the action of courting a boy, indeed!"

Mrs. Yates was about to bring forward a witness to confirm her complaint—when

Miss Sanders exclaimed with great vehemence, "There was nobody nigh, nor by." She was requested by the officer to be quiet, but she bawled out, ten times louder, "It is enough to make me hang myself to hear such things."

Mr. Matthias remarked that her violence in *this* court was a proof that she could not be very quiet in her own court.

The fever now seized Mrs. Yates, who "grinned horribly a ghastly smile," and, shaking her head at Miss Sanders, said "You wretch, where is the man you *transported*?"

"I never transported any man," replied Miss Sanders; and though a young spinster, her appearance seemed to vouch for the truth of that declaration.

The magistrates observed the conduct of each party was so outrageous that it was difficult to decide in favour of either; but Miss Rebecca kindly helped their worships out of their difficulty by informing them that she intended to leave her present residence in a fortnight; and it was then ordered that the warrant should be suspended in terrorem during that period.

MORE PASSAGES FROM THE DIARY OF A PHYSICIAN.

THE THUNDER STRUCK.

Concluded.

While I was sitting beside Miss P——, I heard my youngest boy come down stairs, and ask to be let into the room. He was a little fair haired youngster, about three years of age,—and had always been an especial favorite of Miss P——'s—her "own sweet pet"—as the poor girl herself called him.—Determined to throw no chance away, I beckoned him in, and took him on my knee. He called to Miss P——, as if he thought her asleep; patted her face with his little hands, and kissed her. "Wake, wake!—Cousin Aggy—get up!"—he cried—"Papa say, 'tis time to get up!—Do you sleep with eyes open?*—Eh?—Cousin Aggy?" He looked at her intently for some moments—and seemed frightened. He turned pale, and struggled to get off my knee. I allowed him to go—and he ran to his mother, who was standing at the foot of the bed—and hid his face behind her.

I passed breakfast time in great apprehension—expecting the two arrivals I have mentioned. I knew not how to prepare either the mother or the betrothed husband for the scene that awaited them, and which I had not particularly described to them. It was with no little trepidation that I heard the startling knock of the general postman; and with infinite astonishment and doubt that I took out of the servant's hands, a letter from Mr. N—, for poor Agnes!—For a while I knew not what to make of it. Had he received the alarming express I had forwarded to him; and did he write to Miss P——! Or was he unexpectedly absent from Oxford, when it arrived?—The latter supposition was corroborated by the post mark, which I observed was Lincoln. I felt it my duty to open the letter. Alas! it was in a gay strain—unusually gay for N——; informing Agnes that he had been suddenly summoned into Lincolnshire to his cousin's wedding—where he was happy—both on account of his relatives happiness, and the anticipation of a similar scene being in store for himself! Every line was buoyant with hope and animation; but the postcript most affected me.

"P. S. *The tenth of July*, by the way—my Aggy!—*Is* it all over with us, sweet Pythonissa?—Are you and I at this moment on separate fragments of the globe? I shall seal my conquest over you with a kiss when I see you! Remember, you parted from me in a pet, naughty one!—kissed me rather coldly! But that is the way that your sex always end arguments, when you are vanquished!"

I read these lines in silence;—my wife burst into tears. As soon as I had a little recovered from the emotion occasioned by a perusal of the letter, I hastened to send a second summons to Mr. N——, and directed it to him in Lincoln, whither he had requested Miss P—— to address him. Without explaining the precise nature of Miss P——'s seizure, I gave him warning that he must hurry up to town instantly; and that even then it was to the last degree doubtful whether he would see her alive. After this little occurrence, I could hardly trust myself to go up stairs again and look upon the unfortunate girl. My heart fluttered at the door, and when I entered, I burst into tears. I could utter no more than the words, "poor—poor Agnes!"—and withdrew.

I was shocked, and indeed enraged, to find in one of the morning papers, a paragraph stating, though inaccurately, the nature of Miss P——'s illness. Who could have been so unfeeling as to make the poor girl an object of public wonder and pity? I never ascertained, though I made every enquiry, from whom the intelligence was communicated.

One of my patients that day happened to be a niece of the venerable and honoured Dean of ——, at whose house she resided.—He was in the room when I called; and to explain what he called "the gloom of my manner," I gave him a full account of the melancholy event which had occurred. He listened to me till the tears ran down his face.

"But you have not yet tried the effect of *music*—of which you say *she* is so fond!—Do you not intend to resort to it?" I told him it was our intention; and that our agitation was the only reason why we did not try the effect of it immediately after the galvanism.

"Now, Doctor, excuse an old clergyman, will you?" said the venerable and pious Dean laying his hand on my arm, "and let me suggest that the experiment may not be the less successful with the blessing of God, if it be introduced in the course of a religious service. Come, Doctor, what say you?" I paused.

"Have you any objection to my calling at your house this evening, and reading the service appointed by our church for the visitation of the sick? It will not be difficult to introduce the most solemn and affecting strains of music, or to let it precede or follow." Still I hesitated—and yet I scarce knew why. "Come, Doctor, you know I am no enthusiast—I am not generally considered a fanatic. Surely, when man has done his best, and fails, he should not hesitate to turn to God!" The good old man's words sunk into my soul, and diffused in it a cheerful and humble hope that the blessing of Providence would attend the means suggested. I acquiesced in the Dean's proposal with delight and even eagerness: and it was arranged that he should be at my house between seven and eight o'clock that evening. I think I have already observed, that I had an organ, a very fine and powerful one, in my back drawing room; and this instrument was the eminent delight of poor Miss P——. She would set down at it for four hours together, and her performance would not have disgraced a professor. I hoped that on the eventful occasion that was approaching, the tones of her favorite music, with the blessing of Heaven, might rouse a slumbering responsive chord in her bosom, and aid in dispelling the cruel "charm that deadened her." She certainly could not last long in the condition in which she now lay. Every thing that medicine could do, had been tried—in vain; and if the evening's experiment—our forlorn hope, failed—we must, though with a bleeding heart, submit to the will of Providence, and resign her to the grave. I looked forward with intense anxiety—with alternate hope and fear—to the engagement of the evening.

On returning home, late in the afternoon, I found poor Mrs. —— had arrived in town, in obedience to my summons; and heart breaking, I learnt, was her first interview, if such it may be called, with her daughter.—Her shrieks alarmed the whole house, and even arrested the attention of the neighbors. I had left instructions, that in case of her arrival during my absence, she should be shewn at once, without any precautions, into the presence of Miss P——; with the hope, faint though it was, that the abruptness of her appearance, and the violence of her grief, might operate as a salutary shock upon the stagnant energies of her daughter. "My child! my child! my child!" she exclaimed, rushing up to the bed with frantic haste, and clasping the insensible form of her daughter in her arms, where she held her till she fell fainting into those of my wife. What a dread contrast was there between the frantic gestures—the passionate lamentations of the mother, and the stony silence and motionlessness of the daughter! One little but affecting incident occurred in my presence. Mrs. P—— (as yet unacquainted with the peculiar nature of her daughter's seizure) had snatched Miss P——'s hand to her lips, kissed it repeatedly, and suddenly let it go, to press her own hand upon her head, as if to repress a rising hysterical feeling. Miss P——'s arm, as usual, remained for a moment or two suspended, and only gradually sunk down upon the bed. It looked as if she voluntarily continued it in that position, with a cautioning air. Methinks I see at this moment the affrighted stare with which Mrs. P—— regarded the outstretched arm, her body recoiling from the bed, as though she expected her daughter were about to do or appear something dreadful! I learned from Mrs. ——, that her mother, the grandmother of Agnes, was reported to have been twice affected in a similar manner, though apparently from a different cause; so that there seemed something like a hereditary tendency towards it, even though Mrs. P—— herself had never experienced any thing of the kind.

As the memorable evening advanced, the agitation of all who were acquainted with, or interested in the approaching ceremony, increased. Mrs. P——, I need hardly say, embraced the proposal with thankful eagerness. About half past seven, my friend, Dr. D——, arrived pursuant to his promise; and he was soon afterwards followed by the organist of the neighboring church—an old acquaintance, and who was a constant visitor at my house, for the purpose of performing qnd giving instructions on the organ. I requested him to commence playing Martin Luther's hymn—the favorite one of Agnes—as soon as she should be brought into the room. About eight o'clock the Dean's carriage drew up. I met him at the door.

"Peace be to this house, and to all that dwell in it!" he exclaimed, as soon as he entered. I led him up stairs; and without uttering a word, he took the seat prepared for him, before a table on which lay a Bible and Prayer-book. After a moment's pause, he directed the sick person to be brought into the room. I stepped up stairs, where I found my wife, with the nurse, had finished dressing Miss P——. I thought her paler than usual, and that her cheeks seemed hollower than when I had last seen her. There was an air of melancholy sweetness and languor about her, that inspired the beholder with the keenest sympathy. With a sigh, I gathered her slight form into my arms, a shawl was thrown over her, and, followed by my wife and the nurse, who supported Mrs. P——, I carried her down stairs, and placed her in an easy recumbent posture, in a large old family chair, which stood between the organ and the Dean's table. How strange and mournful was her appearance! Her luxuriant hair was gathered up beneath a cap, the whiteness of which was equalled by that of her countenance. Her eyes were closed; and this, added to the paleness of her features, her perfect passiveness, and her being enveloped in a long white unruffled morning dress, which appeared not unlike a shroud, at first sight—made her look rather a corpse than a living being! As soon as Dr. D—— and I had taken seats on each side of our poor patient, the solemn strains of the organ commenced. I never appreciated music, and especially the sublime hymn of Luther, so much as on that occasion. My eyes were fixed with agonizing scrutiny on Miss P——. Bar after bar of the music melted on the ear, and thrilled upon the heart: but, alas! produced no more effect upon the placid sufferer than the pealing of an abbey organ on the statues around! My heart began to misgive me: if *this* one last expedient failed! When the music ceased, we all kneeled down, and the Dean, in a solemn, and rather tremulous tone of voice, commenced reading appropriate passages from the service for the visitation of the sick. When he had concluded the 71st Psalm, he approached the chair of Miss P——, dropped upon one knee, held her right hand in his, and in a voice broken with emotion, read the following affecting verses from the 8th chapter of St. Luke:

"While he yet spake, there cometh one from the ruler of the synagogue's house, saying to him, Thy daughter is dead; trouble not the Master.

"But when Jesus heard it, he answered him, saying, Fear not; believe only, and she shall be made whole.

"And when he came into the house, he suffered no man to go in, save Peter, and James, and John, and the father and mother of the maiden. And all wept and bewailed her: but he said, Weep not; she is not dead but sleepeth. And they laughed him to scorn, knowing that she was dead.

"And he put them all out, and took her by the hand, and called, saying, *Maid arise.—And her spirit came again, and she rose straightway.*"

While he was reading the passage which I have marked in italics, my heated fancy almost persuaded me that I saw the eyelids of Miss P—— moving. I trembled from head to foot; but, alas, it was a delusion.

The Dean, much affected, was proceeding with the fifty fifth verse, when such a tremendous and long-continued knocking was heard at the street door, as seemed likely to break it open. Every one started up from their knees, as if electrified—all moved but unhappy Agnes—and stood in silent agitation and astonishment. Still the knocking was continued, almost without intermission. My heart suddenly misgave me as to the cause.

"Go—go—See if!"—stammered my wife, pale as ashes—endeavouring to prop up the drooping mother of our patient. Before any one had stirred from the spot on which he was standing, the door was burst open, and in rushed Mr. N——, wild in his aspect, frantic in his gesture, and his dress covered with dust from the head to foot. We stood gazing at him, as though his appearance had petrified us.

"Agnes—my Agnes!" he exclaimed, as if choked for want of breath.

"Agnes!—Come!" he gasped, while a laugh appeared on his face that had a gleam of madness in it.

"Mr. N——! what are you about? For mercy's sake be calm! Let me lead you, for a moment, into another room, and all shall be explained!" said I, approaching and grasping him firmly by the arm.

"Agnes!" he continued, in a tone that made us tremble. He moved towards the chair in which Miss P—— lay. I endeavoured to interpose, but he thrust me aside. The venerable Dean attempted to dissuade him, but met with no better a reception than myself.

"Agnes!" he reiterated, in a hoarse, sepulchral whisper, "why won't you speak to me? what are they doing to you?" He stepped within a foot of the chair where she lay—calm and immovable as death! We stood by, watching his movements, in terrified apprehension and uncertainty. He dropped his hat, which he had been grasping with convulsive force, and before any one could prevent him, or even suspect what he was about, he snatched Miss P—— out of the chair, and compressed her in his arms with frantic force, while a delirious laugh burst from his lips. We rushed forward to extricate her from his grasp. His arms gradually relaxed—he muttered, "Music! music! a dance!" and almost at the moment that he removed Miss P—— from him, fell senseless into the arms of the organist. Mrs. P—— had fainted, my wife seemed on the verge of hysterics! and the nurse was crying violently. Such a scene of trouble and terror I have seldom witnessed! I hurried with the poor unconscious girl up stairs, laid her down upon the bead, shut and bolted the door after me, and hardly expected to find her alive: her pulse, however, was calm, as it had been throughout the seizure. The calm of the Dead Sea seemed upon her!

* * * * *

I feel, however, that I should not protract these painful scenes; and shall therefore hurry to their close. The first letter which I had despatched to Oxford after Mr. N——, happened to bear on the outside the words "special *haste*!" which procured its being forwarded by express after Mr. N——. The consternation with which he received and read it may be imagined. He set off for town that instant in a post-chaise and four; but finding their speed insufficient, he took to horseback for the last fifty miles and rode at a rate which nearly destroyed both horse and rider. Hence his sudden appearance at my house, and the frenzy of his behaviour! After Miss P—— had been carried up stairs, it was thought imprudent for Mr. N—— to continue at my house, as he exhibited every symptom of incipient brain fever, and might prove wild and unmanageable. He was therefore removed at once to a house within a few doors off, which was let out in furnished lodgings. Dr. D—— accompanied him, and bled him immediately, very copiously. I have no doubt that Mr. N—— owed his life to that timely measure. He was placed in bed, and put at once under the most vigorous antiphlogistic treatment.

The next evening beheld Dr. D——, the Dean of ——, and myself, around the bedside of Agnes. All of us expressed the most gloomy apprehensions. The Dean had been offering up a devout and most affecting prayer.

"Well, my friend," said he to me, "she is in the hands of God! All that man can do has been done; let us resign ourselves to the will of Providence!"

"Aye, nothing but a miracle can save her, I fear!" replied Dr. D——.

"How much longer do you think it probable, humanly speaking, that the system can continue in this state, so as to give hopes of ultimate recovery?" inquired the Dean.

"I cannot say," I replied with a sigh. "She must sink, and speedily. She has not received since she was first seized, as much nourishment as would serve for an infant's meal.

"I have an impression that she will die suddenly," said Dr. D——; "possibly within the next twenty hours; for I cannot understand how her energies can recover from, or bear longer, this fearful paralysis."

"Alas, I fear so too!"

"I have heard some frightful instances of premature burial in cases like this," said the Dean. "I hope in Heaven that you will not think of committing her remains to the earth, before you are satisfied beyond a doubt, that life is extinct." I made no reply—my emotions nearly choked me—I could not bear to contemplate the subject in any form.

"Do you hear?" said Dr. D—— with an agonized voice, "I have been thinking lately, of the awful [illegible] that must be undergone by the conscious victim of premature interment—may be sensible and perfectly conscious of all that is transpiring about her!"

[illegible] I replied, in a hollow tone. "I have [illegible] to a whisper, "I have [illegible] from a fainting fit, which [illegible] published [illegible] which [illegible]

* In almost every [illegible] of suspended animation, the patient's eyes [illegible] I have [illegible] which must have been attended [illegible] stance.

faint knocking at the door, and I stepped to it, for the purpose of inquiring what was wanted. While I was in the act of closing it again, I overheard Dr. D——'s voice ejaculate, in an enlightened tone, "Great God!" and on turning round, I saw the Dean moving from the bed, his face white as ashes, and he fell from his chair, as if in a fit. How shall I describe what I saw on approaching the bed?

The contrast before, I had left Miss P—— lying in her usual position, and her eyes closed. They were now wide open, and staring upwards with an expression I have no language to describe. It reminded me of when I had seen when I first discovered her in the fit. Blood, too, was streaming from her nostrils and mouth—in short, a more frightful spectacle I never witnessed. In a moment both Dr. D——and I lost all power of motion. Here, then, was the spell broken! The trance over!—I implored Dr. D——to recollect himself, and conduct the Dean from the room, while I would attend to Miss P——. The nurse was instantly at my side, shaking like an aspen-leaf. She quickly procured warm water, sponges, cloths, &c. with which she at once wiped away and encouraged the bleeding. The first sound uttered by Miss P—— was a long deep-drawn sigh, which seemed to relieve her bosom of an intolerable mass of oppression. Her eyes gradually closed again, and she moved her head away, at the same time raising her trembling right hand to her face. Again she sighed—again opened her eyes, and, to my delight, their expression was more natural than before. She looked languidly about her for a moment, as if examining the bed-curtains—and her eyes closed again. I sent for some weak brandy and water, and gave her a little in a tea-spoon. She swallowed it with great difficulty. I ordered more warm water to be got ready for her feet, to equalize the circulation; and while it was preparing, sat by her, watching every motion of the features with the most eager anxiety. "How are you, Agnes?" I whispered, kissing her. She turned languidly towards me, opened her eyes, and shook her head feebly—but gave me no answer.

"Do you feel pain anywhere?" I inquired. Sensible that her exhausted condition required repose, I determined not to tax her newly recovered energies; so I ordered her a gentle composing draught, and left her in the care of the nurse, promising to return by and by, to see how my sweet patient went on. I found that the Dean had left. After swallowing a little wine and water, he recovered sufficiently from the shock he had received, to be able, with Dr. D——'s assistance, to step into his carriage, leaving his solemn benediction for Miss P——.

As it was growing late, I sent my wife to bed, and ordered coffee in my study, whither I retired, and sat lost in conjectures and reveries till nearly one o'clock. I then repaired to my patient's room; but my entrance startled her from a sleep that had lasted almost since I had left. As soon as I sat down by her, she opened her eyes—and my heart leaped with joy to see their increasing calmness—their expression resembling what had oft delighted me, while she was in health. After eyeing me steadily for a few moments, she seemed suddenly to recognise me. "Kiss me!" she whispered, in the faintest possible whisper, while a smile stole over her languid features. *I did* kiss her; and in doing so, my tears fell upon her cheek.

"Don't cry!" she whispered again, in a tone as feeble as before. She gently moved her hand into mine, and I clasped the trembling, lifted fingers, with an emotion I cannot express. She noticed my agitation; and the tears came into her eyes, while her lip quivered, as though she were going to speak. I implored her, however, not to utter a word, till she was better able to do it without exhaustion; and lest my presence should tempt her beyond her strength, I once more kissed her—bade her good-night—her poor slender fingers once more compressed mine—and I left her to the care of the nurse, with a whispered caution to step to me instantly if any change should take place in Agnes. I could not sleep! I felt a prodigious burden removed from my mind; and woke my wife, that she might share in my joy.

I received no summons during the night; and on entering her room about nine o'clock in the morning, I found that Miss P—— had taken a little arrow-root in the course of the night, and slept calmly, with but few intervals. She had sighed frequently; and once or twice conversed for a short time with the nurse about *Heaven*—as I understood. She was much stronger than I had expected to find her. I kissed her, and she asked me how I was—in a tone that surprised me by its strength and firmness.

"Is the storm over?" she inquired, looking towards the window.

"O yes—long, long ago!" I replied, seeing at once that she seemed to have no consciousness of the interval that had elapsed.

"And are you all well?—Mrs. ——," (my wife,) "how is she?"

"You shall see her shortly."

"Then, no one was hurt?"

"Not a hair of our heads!"

"How frightened I must have been!"

"Pho, pho, Agnes! Nonsense! Forget it!"

"Then—the world is not—there has been no—is all the same as it was?" she murmured, eyeing me apprehensively.

"The world come to an end—do you mean?" She nodded, with a disturbed air—"Oh, no, no! It was merely a thunder-storm."

"And is it quite over, and gone?"

"Long ago! Do you feel hungry?" I inquired, hoping to direct her thoughts from a topic I saw agitated her.

"Did you ever see such lightning?" she asked, without regarding my question.

"Why—certainly it was very alarming"—

"Yes, it was! Do you know, Doctor," she continued, with a mysterious air—"I—I—saw—yes—there were terrible faces in the lightning"—

"Come, child, you rave?"

—"They seemed coming towards the world"—

Her voice trembled, the colour of her face changed.

"Well—if you *will* talk such nonsense, Agnes, I must leave you. I will go and fetch my wife. Would you like to see her?"

"*Tell N—— to come to me to-day*—I must see HIM. I have a message for him!" She said this with a sudden energy that surprised me, while her eye brightened as it settled on me. I kissed her and retired. The last words surprised and disturbed me. Were her intellects affected? How did she know—how did she conjecture that he was within reach? I took an opportunity of asking the nurse whether she had mentioned *Mr. N——*'s name to her, but not a syllable had been interchanged upon the subject.

Before setting out on my daily visits, I stepped into her room, to take my leave. I had kissed her, and was quitting the room, when happening to look back, I saw her beckoning to me. I returned.

"I MUST see N—— this evening!" said she, with a solemn emphasis that startled me; and as soon as she had uttered the words, she turned her head from me, as if she wished no more to be said.

My first visit was to Mr. N——, whom I found in a very weak state, but so much recovered from his illness, as to be sitting up, and partially dressed. He was perfectly calm and collected; and, in answer to his earnest enquiries, I gave him a full account of the nature of Miss P——'s illness. He received the intelligence of the favorable change that had occurred, with evident though silent ecstacy. After much inward doubt and hesitation, I thought I might venture to tell him of the parting—the twice repeated request she had made. The intelligence blanched his already pallid cheek to a whiter hue, and he trembled violently.

"Did you tell her I was in town? Did she recollect me?"

"No one has breathed your name to her!" I replied. * *

"Well, Doctor—if, on the whole you think so—that it would be safe," said N——, after we had talked much on the matter—"I will step over and see her; but—it looks very—very strange!"

"Whatever whim may actuate her, I think it better, on the whole, to gratify her. Your refusal *may* be attended with infinitely worse effects than an interview. However, you shall hear from me again. I will see if she continues in the same mind; and, if *so*, I will step over and tell you." I took my leave.

A few moments before stepping down to dinner, I sat beside Miss P——, making my usual enquiries; and was gratified to find that her progress, though slow, seemed sure. I was going to kiss her, before leaving, when with similar emphasis to that she had previously displayed, she again said—

"*Remember!* N—— must be here to night!"

I was confounded. What could be the meaning of this mysterious pertinacity?—I felt distracted with doubt, and dissatisfied with myself for what I had told to N——. I felt answerable for whatever ill effects might ensue; and yet, what could I do?

It was evening,—a mild, though lustrous, July evening.—The skies were all blue and white, save where the retiring sun-light produced a mellow mixture of colours towards the west. Not a breath of air disturbed the serene complacency. My wife and I sat on each side of the bed where lay our lovely invalid, looking, despite of her recent illness, beautiful and in comparative health. Her hair was parted with negligent simplicity over her pale forehead. Her eyes were brilliant, and her cheeks occasionly flushed with colour. She spoke scarce a word to us, as we sat beside her. I gazed at her with doubt and apprehension. I was aware that health could not possibly produce the colour and vivacity of her complexion and eyes; and felt at a loss to what I should refer it.

"Agnes, love!—How beautiful is the setting sun!" exclaimed my wife, drawing aside the curtains.

"Raise me! Let me look at it!" replied Miss P—— faintly. She gazed earnestly at the magnificent object for some minutes; and then abruptly said to me—

"He will be here soon?"

"In a few moments I expect him. But—Agnes—Why do you wish to see him?"

She sighed and shook her head.

It had been arranged that Dr. D—— should accompany Mr. N—— to my house, and conduct him up stairs, after strongly enjoining on him the necessity there was for controlling his feelings, and displaying as little emotion as possible. My heart leaped into my mouth—as the saying is—when I heard the expected knock at the door.

"N——'s come at last!" said I, in a gentle tone, looking earnestly at her, to see if she was agitated. It was not the case. She sighed, but evinced no trepidation.

"Shall he be shown in at once?" I enquired.

"No—wait a few moments," replied the extraordinary girl, and reclined her head in thought for about a minute. "Now!" she exclaimed; and I sent down the message, herself pale and trembling with apprehension, to request the attendance of Dr D—— and Mr. N——.

As they were heard slowly approaching the room, I hastened cautiously to my patient, and kept my fingers at her pulse.—There was not a symptom of flutter or agitation. At length the door was opened, and Dr. D—— slowly entered, with Mr. N—— upon his arm. As soon as his pale trembling figure was visible, a calm and heavenly smile beamed upon the countenance of Miss P——. It was full of ineffable benignity! She stretched out her right arm; she pressed it to his lips, without uttering a word.

My eyes were riveted on the features of Miss P——. Either they deceived me, or I saw a strange alteration—as if a cloud were stealing over her face. I was right!—We all observed her colour fading rapidly. I rose from my chair; Dr. D—— also came nearer, thinking she was on the verge of fainting. Her eye was fixed upon the flushed features of her lover, and gleamed with radiance. She gently elevated both her arms towards him, and he leaned over her.

"PREPARE!" she exclaimed, in a low thrilling tone;—her features became paler and paler—her arms fell. She had spoken—she had breathed her last. She was dead!

Within twelve months poor N—— followed her; and to the period of his death, no other word or thought seemed to occupy his mind but the momentous warning which issued from the expiring lips of Agnes P——. PREPARE!

I have no mystery to solve, no denouement to make. I tell the facts as they occurred; and hope they may not be told in vain!

[From the United States Gazette.]

A WAIL FROM THE ISLES.

Woe reigns with despair o'er our sea-circled isles,
And the sun on their borders but shines to consume;
And dark desolation exultingly smiles,
O'er the victims that Famine consigns to the tomb.

The fields to our labors their harvests deny,
And the vallies have lost their lov'd mantles of green;
The forests are leafless—the streamlets are dry,
And the wild-birds have fled from the desolate scene.

The mildew of Dearth hath invaded our shores,
And spares not the garden its fruitage or flowers;
And nature no longer profusely outpours,
Her night-falling dews, or her life-giving showers.

The vallies are dreary as deserts of sand,
Their furrows lie barren and bleak to the skies;
And spectres of Famine that glide o'er the strand,
Gleam fearful and strange on the mariner's eyes.

Lone, bloomless, and blighted are scenes of our birth,
The haunts of our youth, and the homes of our prime:
For the blasting and withering winds of the earth,
Have breath'd o'er the beautiful isles of our clime.

The victims of misery prowl for their prey,
Like vultures to feed on the spoils of the grave;
To banquet on blood, or partake of decay,
And drink the dead draughts of the briny sea-wave.

The fountains are seal'd, and the rivers but flow,
In sluggish and murmuring sadness along;
The sea-man re-echoes the wail of our woe,
While the gull o'er the surge shrieks a drearier song.

The barque of the ocean glides heedlessly on,
And brings no relief to our famishing strand;
And the clouds on their voyage thro' ether have gone,
Yet refresh not the fields of our desolate land.

Hope's star hath gone down in the night of despair,
And left to our hearts but the shades of the tomb;
But peace in the realms of forgetfulness there,
Shall solace the woes that have darken'd our doom.

T.

THE MERCHANT'S DINNER. "There lived once at Marseilles, a rich merchant, who received one morning, through the hands of a young man, a letter strongly recommending the bearer to his notice; the young man was of good fortune, and wanted only an introduction to society; he brought also a letter of credit to a large amount. The merchant, after having read the letter of recommendation, instead of either throwing it aside as waste paper, or shutting it up in a drawer, examined it, and finding that it covered one only of the four sides of the sheet, tore it in two, placed the written half in a leaf of his portfolio, and then, folding the other half so that it would serve for writing a note, put it into another portfolio which already contained a number of similar papers. Having completed his little measure of economy, he turned towards the young man; and invited him to dinner for that very day. The youth, accustomed to a life of elegance and luxury, felt but little inclination for dining with a man who could thus appropriate the privileges of the *chiffonnier*, by depriving him of his waste paper; he accepted the invitation however, and promised to return at four o'clock. But as he descended the narrow staircase from the counting-house of his banker, his mind rapidly reverted to the observations he had made upon that small gloomy room. With the two long offices which led to it, encumbered with ledgers that were half smothered in dust and smoke, and where ten or a dozen young persons were working in silence, whose faces appeared to his jaundiced eyes like perfect skeletons. He thought of the windows plastered with a thick coat of mud, through which no ray of the beautiful sun of Provence could ever penetrate; the little bowl of box-wood, filled with saw-dust, to serve for powder, the broken writing desk, the dressing gown of the banker; and all these recollections rushing at once upon his mind, produced the reflection, 'I have done a foolish thing in accepting this invitation; but no matter a day is soon passed.' The duties of the toilette were discharged rather for his own satisfaction than in compliment to the host who expected him; and that done, he proceeded to the street of Rome, where his banker's house was situated. As the latter had told him his wife did not live in the part of the mansion occupied by the counting-house, he begged on arriving, to be conducted to the lady.—A number of valets in rich liveries led him across a small garden filled with rare and exotic plants, and after conducting him through several apartments sumptuously furnished, introduced him to a handsome drawing room, where he found his banker, who presented him to his wife and mother; the former was young and pretty, the latter not yet old, and both were dressed in rich stuffs, and adorned with fine pearls and sparkling diamonds, which attested the wealth of the honest and laborious head of the family; he himself was no longer the personage his guest had seen him in the morning: he seemed to have left behind amongst the dirty ledgers and portfolios, the man of the black velvet cap and woolen dressing-gown; while the manners and conversation of fifteen or twenty visiters, who were assembled in the drawing-room led to the inference that his house was one of the best, if not the very best in the city. Dinner was served, and the young stranger became convinced that it was so. The viands were excellent, the wines exquisite, the table covered with an abundance of massy silver plate; in short, the young traveller was obliged mentally to admit, that he had never partaken of more delicate fare, or seen a greater display of magnificence and he was more than ever confounded, upon ascertaining from one of the persons near him, that the banker gave a similar entertainment twice a week. While coffee was serving he ruminated on all that he had witnessed; but his young ideas had to arrange themselves into that mutual dependance of cause and effect which would easily have brought the whole to the level of his understanding. 'Young man,' said his host, tapping him on the shoulder, 'you are absent, and almost pensive: have you made a bad dinner?' But the expression of his eyes and the inflection of his voice in pronouncing these words seemed to mean: 'Has not your fear of a bad dinner yet vanished?' The young man blushed, as if he had really heard the latter sentence; but the good financier understood his blush, and laughing, said 'No offence! you are too young to understand how masses are formed, the true and only power; whether composed of money, water or men, it is all alike. A mass is of immense centre of motion, but it must be begun, it must be kept up. Young man, the little bits of paper which excited your derision this morning, the cry among the means I employ for stockjobbing.'! 'A fine story this, that you have been telling me, Bonaparte!' said Josephine, smiling 'to me the most marvelous part of it is, that you have been speaking for a quarter of an hour together, and that to women only—I did not forget that, I assure you,' replied he, looking to me, 'do you think I should have permitted in the same way to men? They never require it.' I was much struck afterwards by this piece of maxims as the foundation of power."—*Madame Junot.*

HOW A BRAVE MAN FIGHTS DUELS. Admiral Codrington, the hero of Navarino, who is a candidate for Davenport and Stonehouse, last week received a challenge to mortal combat from a man named Woolcombe. He however had no taste for this mode of settling a dispute, and at a dinner given him a few days afterwards, alluded to the affair as follows:—"It might perhaps be thought that he was fond of fighting; but there was no man that liked it less; and he never in his life took his ship's company into action, without feeling a heavy responsibility as to the necessity of taking their lives. He thought the Town Hall the proper place for settling a dispute like that between Mr. Woolcombe and himself, and he should be glad to meet him there, and the constituency would then be able to judge who was in the wrong." Our fighting dandies of all descriptions may take a lesson from the conduct of Admiral Codrington. There are few men who possess that species of moral courage which dictated this avowal on the part of Sir Edward.—*London Paper, Sept. 10th.*

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY. He had a pleasure in making paper boats, and floating them on the water. So long as his paper lasted, he remained rivetted to the spot, fascinated by this peculiar amusement; all waste paper was rapidly consumed, then the covers of letters, next letters of little value; the most precious contributions of the most esteemed correspondents, although eyed wistfully many times, and often returned to the pocket, were sure to be sent at last in pursuit of the former squadrons. Of the portable volumes which were the companions of his rambles, and he seldom went out without a book, the fly leaves were commonly wanted—but learning was so sacred in his eyes, that he never trespassed further upon the integrity of the copy, the work itself was always respected. It has been said that he once found himself on the north bank of the Serpentine river, without the materials for indulging those inclinations which the sight of water invariable inspired, for he had exhausted his supplies on the round pond in Kensington gardens. Not a single scrap of paper could be found save only a bank post-bill for fifty pounds; he hesitated long, but yielded at last; he twisted it into a boat with the extreme refinement of his skill, and committed it with the utmost dexterity to fortune—watching its progress, if possible, with a still more intense anxiety than usual. Fortune often favors those who frankly and fully trust her; the north-east wind gently wafted the costly skiff to the south bank, where during the latter part of the voyage the venturous owner had waited its arrival with patient solicitude. The story of course is a Mythic fable, but it aptly pourtrays the dominion of a singular and unaccountable passion over the mind of an enthusiast.—*New Monthly Mag.*

NEW ENGLAND GALAXY.

SATURDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 3, 1832.

Our paper contains less domestic news and less original matter this week than we could wish, but politics is the all engrossing topic of the day from one end of the Union to the other. Every journal we open is filled with accounts of gubernatorial elections, prospect of Electoral votes, and various calculations either for or against the present incumbent of the Presidency, as the conductors of the papers feel inclined towards him. But a few days however, and the contest will be decided, and instead of calculations, the same journals will be filled with the paeans of victory or the wailings of defeated expectations. When our correspondents shall have finished their labors for the country, we may expect again to receive from them the fruits of their researches and industry, more agreeable to ourselves and to our readers than the clamorous discussion of which of the three to chose, Clay, Wirt or Jackson.

MILITARY. The Soul of Soldiery under the command of Sergeant Major Henry Davis celebrated their 28th anniversary on Monday last, by a public parade and dinner at Concert Hall, served up in General Eaton's best style. The company on this occasion appeared with full ranks. We were much pleased to observe that several of the non-commissioned officers of our volunteer corps appeared in their ranks, which is as it should be. The following sentiments were given at the table:—

1. The Soul of the Soldiery—A new *head* every year, and new *members* every month, but the same *Soul* and the *Spirit* forever.

2. The Governor of Massachusetts—Next election must prove that every true friend of the Militia belongs to the tribe of Levi.

3. Union.—In *war*, the soldier's safeguard; in *love*, the lover's bliss; in *politics*, our nation's glory.

4. Agriculture, Commerce and Manufactures—Better than the sword, the cannon or the bayonet to preserve the prosperity of our country.

5. The Mechanic Arts—The essence of social life, the main pillar of a Republican government.

6. Our Free Schools—Teach our boys to read, write and cypher, and there is no fear that our nation will be taught the *hard lesson of servitude*.

7. The Militia—Blessed is that country where every soldier enjoys the *rights* of a *citizen*, every *citizen* can defend his *rights* with the *arms of a soldier*.

8. The Government of the United States—When *supported* by the voice of the *people*, its *power* is *supreme*,—when *opposed* to their *rights*, its *weakness* sinks into *contempt*.

VOLUNTEERS.

By the Mayor of Boston. The guarantee of our liberties, the Constitution, and its surety, the Militia—Whilst we value the principal we shall hold on to the security.

By Brig. Gen. Tyler. The Body of the Militia—While it continues to be invigorated by the spirit which animates this and our other Volunteer Corps, there can be no danger of its dissolution.

By Rev. S. Streeter, Chaplain of the Day. The Soul of Soldiery—As it has been, so may it continue to be, to the Body of the Militia, what the human soul is to the body of man—a source of life, of intelligence, and of vigor.

By Col. Thomas Davis. The Boston Brigade—A well organized Body invigorated by a good Soul, stimulated by a strong and efficient Head.

By Lieut. Col. I. J. Austin. The Mechanics of the City of Boston—The bone and muscle of the body politic—their strength has hot hitherto been impaired by degeneracy—may it never be weakened by dissolution.

By Col. Hopes. The Militia—The great Pillar of our National defence,—its enemies now make use of the same means to destroy it that the tories did at the commencement of the revolution—may the effect and their reward be the same.

By Adjutant F. R. Shipbow, of [illegible]. The Commander in Chief—That man who never swerves from the path of duty for the sake of gaining his popularity.

By the Commander of the Corps. The next General Court—In the multitude of counsellors there is safety, may they prove that safety by equalizing the Militia Laws.

By a Volunteer. The spirit of the Soul of Soldiery—In its infancy it dwelt in a good *House*, may it not be turned out of doors in its old age.

Letters were received from His Excellency the Governor, the Adjutant General, Collector of the Port, past General Lyman, and the Chief Engineer of the Fire Department, severally declining their invitations by previous engagements.

The following sentiment was received from the Hon. David Henshaw:—

The laborer is worthy his hire—May the time come when this simple rule of justice shall be applied to the citizen soldier, the guardian of our freedom, who labors in preparing himself to fight the battles of our country.

Several other appropriate sentiments were given, which we could not obtain.—*Communicated.*

RACING. Of all the brutal exhibitions we have ever heard of, the "Grand Challenge" offered by the Montreal teamsters, or cartors as they call themselves, certainly carries the palm. It is proposed to race six loaded carts through the streets of Montreal for three thousand dollars aside, care being taken not to let the public know when the match is to take place, less people who care more for their necks than they do for the breed of horses should get out of the way. Human life must indeed be held cheap by such ruffians who for the sake of a few paltry dollars could thus expose their fellow citizens to danger. Of their own necks it is of no consequence, the sooner they were broken the better we should think, for the rest of their countrymen. We trust that no Americans will be found contending with these desperadoes who advance it as proof of their excellence that they can "drive *over* any thing."

The challengers should be driven like wild beasts to a cage and confined there until reason has once more resumed its sway.

STEAM BOAT WASHINGTON VS. THE OWNERS OF THE STEAM BOAT CHANCELLOR LIVINGSTON.—This was an action brought for the recovery of damages for the loss of the Washington in consequence of being run into by the Chancellor Livingston, now plying between this city and Portland. The accident took place in L. I. Sound in May, 1831. We had intended to have given an abridged account of the proceedings in this case, taken from a report of the trial published in the Journal of Commerce, but it having been stated that that report was incorrect in many particulars, and that the defendants have been allowed time to move for a new trial, we have thought it improper to reprint the statements made in that paper.

The verdict of the Jury was *thirty thousand dollars* for the plaintiffs. About half the value of the Washington.

NEWSPAPERS. It has become quite fashionable lately to set up new Globes in this hemisphere.—We have before us the New York Globe, and the Boston Daily Globe, both devoted to Gen. Jackson, and professed followers of the sentiments of the great Globe at Washington.

Samuel Dexter, Esq. is the Editor of the Boston paper and intends vigorously to combat the United States Bank. We expect some more drafts on the Branch of that establishment in this city from the Big West, we hope they will come along before the Boston Globe reaches that country, as so great an opposition to the Bank may frighten our friends. We assure them, however, there is no cause for alarm. The Boston Globe is only a half paper.

THE NATURALIST for November has been received. It contains the usual variety of scientific information on the Microscope, Ornithology, Conchology, &c. and is ornamented with a very pretty Lithograph of the Canary bird and its nest.

NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE for November was issued with the usual promptness of the publishers on Thursday. It contains an unusual quantity of entertaining matter. The article on the House of Reformation deserves to be carefully read as it conveys a most accurate account of this valuable institution. An institution which has been the means of saving from moral destruction an immense number of the depraved youths of the city.

LIBRARY OF ENTERTAINING KNOWLEDGE, parts 27 and 28, containing an account of the Revolution in France of 1830, has been received. These numbers are ornamented with four engravings of different scenes of the "three days fight for liberty." This work contains the best description of the events of the last week of July 1830, justly denominated "*La grande Semaine*," we have seen published. It not only details the fight of the three days, but gives an historical account of those transactions which led to the overthrow of the Bourbons and seated Louis Phillipe on the throne of France.

The Atlas of Thursday, contains the following singular advertisement:—

"A certain Gentleman is not what he ought to be.
A NORTH-END SAIL MAKER."

This is true of a vast number of the human family. We do not know to whom the advertiser refers, but we can add that there are many gentlemen who are not what they *pretend* to be.

FOREIGN NEWS. There have been several arrivals from Europe during the past week, but the news contained in the papers is not of great importance. The following summary embraces all we think of interest to our readers.

The Marquis of Palmella has left England, and, it is said, is well satisfied with the result of his mission. It is of course out of the question for our government to interfere in this contest, but it will doubtless afford every facility to the operations of Don Pedro.—The Ex-Emperor is raising troops in London with great success; 600 recruits have already left for Oporto, and many more are about to embark. It was rumored at Oporto that the Admiral of Don Miguel's fleet was about to attack Admiral Sartorius, and this report, from the great force of the usurper, created some alarm. The superior moral courage of the soldiers under Sartorius will, we trust, make up for their deficiency in numbers. Every one is anxious to hear good news of victories gained by Don Pedro—and that he may ultimately succeed in his object, though the prospect is at present rather gloomy, is our ardent desire.—*London Times.*

It would appear from some statements in the London papers, that the secret treaties with the protracted negotiations respecting Holland and Belgium, England and particularly France, has determined upon requiring from King William immediate and unconditional compliance with the treaty of the twenty four articles under penalty of seeing a combined British and French fleet in the Scheldt and 30,000 French troops, under Marshal Gerard, before Antwerp. If it be so, King William will comply. The rumors of apprehended difficulties had caused a slight decline in the French funds.

La Vendee was still agitated with Carlist factions, and the South was again becoming rather more so.—Nothing is known of the Duchess of Berri. All expectations in France were turned towards the approaching session of the Chamber of Deputies; and, until the political complexion of that body be ascertained, it is not probable, notwithstanding many rumors to the contrary in the Paris papers, that any change or new combinations would occur in the ministry.

From Portugal there is nothing of moment. Don Pedro was secure and tranquil in Oporto, gaining strength—contrary, we confess, to our first impression—by delay. His fleet was off Lisbon defying that of Miguel, which remained impassive within the port.

Charles X. and the Duke Angouleme were on the point of embarking at Leith for Hamburg. The Duchess of Angouleme was in London, and had received the visit, *incog.* of the Queen of England, and of several of the Foreign Ambassadors.

Madame Letitia, the mother of Bonaparte, was at the point of death. Her will occasioned much speculation, as her property is very large. The bulk of it is estimated, after paying all the legacies, at about fifteen millions of dollars, she leaves to the eldest in the male line of the Bonapartes, in perpetual entail. Joseph is the present heir.

FRANCE. But three new cases of Cholera were reported in Paris on the 18th.

The Cholera has broken out at Milan, in Italy.—The first cases are said to have occurred in a Hungarian regiment.

There were various rumors of the capture of the Duchess de Berri in Vendee; but they appear to have been without foundation. Bands of Chouans (Carlists) continued to harass the country. A gang of them went one day to the house of Gen. Fabvier, in the environs of Vannes, with the intention of carrying into execution a sentance of death pronounced against the General by the secret tribunal, the existence of which was revealed during the trial of Guilemot before the Assizes of the Ille-et-Vilaine, but fortunately the intended victim was absent.

The Sentinelle Genevoise says: "The Carlists continue to arrive in crowds at Geneva. We are informed that at Aix in Savoy, these personages wear publicly the White Cockade."

On rooting up a tree lately in the woods of Boulazac in the Dordogne, which had been blown down by a storm, there were discovered 411 pieces of coin of the size of a 15 sous piece; bearing on one side, three fleurs de lys with the date of 12,2 or 1640, and the words *Double Tournois*; on the other side was the effigy of Louis XIII, and the legend *Louis XIII. R. de Fran. et Navs. V.*

Brioude, Sept. 15. "Our town has given a most brilliant reception to M. George Lafayette, who arrived at 9 o'clock last night. In ten minutes the band and drums of the National Guards assembled before his windows, and played the National airs of the Marseillaise and the Chant du Depart. An immense crowd assembled; in the midst of which M. George Lafayette descended, presenting to them his son, saying: "I was desirous that he should breathe the air of the mountains of Auvergne, that is, the air of Liberty." He was answered by the shouts of "Vive Lafayette! Vive Liberte! A bas le juste milieu!"—Some of the houses were illuminated, and the evening passed off without the slightest occasion for the interference of the magistracy. In the morning on his departure for his country seat, he was accompanied by a numerous cavalcade as far as Visille-Brioude."

FIRE AT DEDHAM. On Tuesday morning, about 2 o'clock, the extensive stable attached to the Hotel kept by Mr. James Bride, Dedham, was found to be on fire, which extended with great rapidity until the stable and the hotel were entirely destroyed. The stable was in part occupied by the Boston and Providence Citizens' Coach Company, who had fifty of their fine horses put up there, only thirteen of which were got out, some so badly burnt as to require to be killed. Another person had eight horses burnt, and a gentleman travelling to New York lost a fine horse. Several other horses, belonging to Mr. Bride and others, were also burnt, making in all about *sixty*.

The building was owned by Timothy Gay, Esq. of Dedham. Mr. Bride, but a small part of whose furniture, that in the lower rooms, was saved, is the greatest sufferer, as his loss is probably about $6000, and he had no insurance. The Coach Company had $1500 insured at the Merchants' Office in this city, on their property at this Hotel.

The fire is generally believed to have been caused by design; as it took in the North West (the windward) corner of the stable, where neither light nor fire had been for a long time previous. Although ten miles distant, the light of the fire created an alarm in this city, and the Fire Department was on the alert. Engines No. 8 and No. 12, and the bucket carriage of Ward 12, proceeded on the Dedham Turnpike, nearly half way to the village, and turned back when the fire had become dim. Engine No. 1, went over the Western Avenue, and we regret to learn, that in Brookline or Roxbury, a member named Barnes, had his leg bruised and ancle spained, by being crushed between the Engine and a stone wall. Several other Engines were ordered back after proceeding to Roxbury line.

To the loss of property, that of human life is to be added. A Revolutionary pensioner, who had received his pension or was on his way to the city to receive it, lodged in the loft. His scull and some other bones, a coin, and the metal buttons of his clothes, were found among the ruins. There were about seventy horses in the stable, fifty two of which belonged to the C. C. Co., who had forty burnt in the stable, two or three killed after being rescued from the flames, and several more which are scarcely expected to recover. Mr. Eben. Newell, who kept a livery stable in the same building, lost eight out of eleven horses; he had no insurance. Other horses were also burnt. The loss is upwards of $20,000. Dr. Dixon's house, and that of Gen. Fisher, both opposite, were much injured.

A person was arrested on suspicion of having set fire to the stable, but on examination, discharged.—He had applied for lodgings, which being shown him by Mr. Bride, he did not like, and asked Mr. B. if he intended to insult him. Mr. B. refused to accommodate him on account of his behavior, and it is said he was seen about the premises in the evening, and to have thrown stones at the house; but the testimony was not deemed sufficient to warrant his detention.—*Daily Adv.*

FIRE. The alarm of fire on Thursday evening, about 6 o'clock, arose from the burning of the stable of the Alms House in Dorchester, with one horse, a yoke of oxen, several hogs, and 15 tons of hay. The loss is estimated at about $2000; no insurance. It was supposed to have been set on fire. A division of our Fire Department, with the Chief Engineer were there.—*Ibid.*

SUDDEN DEATH. Mr. John S. Larkin, Cashier of the Commercial Bank, whilst standing at his desk, Thursday afternoon, about half past one o'clock, fell, and instantly expired. His death is said to have been occasioned by a disease of the heart.—*Transcript.*

POLICE COURT. Seth Sumner, a vagrant, was, on complaint of Col. Amory, Chief Engineer, sentenced to pay the costs of Court, and give bonds in the sum of $50 to keep the peace, for raising a false alarm by crying "Fire!" in Washington street, on Wednesday evening.—*Ibid.*

"IT WAS NOT ALL A DREAM." A gentleman of the New York bar discovered, that there was luck to be found in a lottery ticket, if brought at Schuyler's office, repaired thither and purchased, a few hours before the drawing, a whole package. Queen Mab had not given him a vain hint; at 4 o'clock the fortunate holder found himself the owner of a capital prize of 50,000. "This is that very Mab, who gallops night by night o'er lawyer's fingers, who straight dream on fees,"—and sometimes on lotteries and prizes grand.—*N. Y. Spirit of the Times.*

RETURN OF DR. KIRKLAND. The learned Dr. Kirkland, formerly president of Harvard College, accompanied by his lady, reached this city yesterday morning, from a tour of nearly four years' duration through Europe, part of Africa, and Asia Minor. From every account our travellers were highly distinguished by the learned in the various countries they visited. From France and England they passed to Italy, spent several months in that interesting country—visited the classic land of Greece—took shipping for Alexandria in Egypt, and went up the Nile as far as Cairo and the Pyramids. Returning to the sea shore they took passage to Syria—visited Jerusalem—the dead Sea—and were in Constantinople when Lord Strangford, by a favor of the Sultan, was permitted to visit the inside of St. Sophia. Probably Dr. Kirkland and his lady are the only Americans who ever saw the inside of that celebrated edifice since the conquest of Stamboul by Mahomet the Second.

Our travellers then left the capital of the empire, passed through Adrianople—crossed the Balkan, and reached Vienna, by travelling the valley of the Danube. From thence they returned to France and England, and have at length reached in safety their own country, in fine health, good spirits, and with materials sufficient to form a volume of travels the most interesting ever published in this country.—*New York Globe,*

Dr. Kirkland and lady are at present in this city and are, we are happy to learn, in good health.

MR. BAYLIES AND THE BUENOS AYREAN GOVERNMENT. A letter from a mercantile house at Buenos Ayres, Aug. 25, received per Navarino, says: "We hear that Mr. Baylies intends demanding his passports, as soon as the Warren arrives from M. Video. This government appears anxious to insult him in every way possible. Teachers have been forbidden to attend his family under threat of imprisonment, and we heard, to day, that the Government's dispatches, from Washington. (per George Washington, arrived 24th) which were landed in the letter bag, have not been delivered to him."—*Transcript.*

REVENUE OF BOSTON. We understand that the duties secured on merchandize the last month in Boston, was $575,000—the amount of duties in the month of October last year, was $541,000.

Rev. Dr. Perkins, of West Hartford, Conn. recently preached his sixtieth anniversary sermon. Since the commencement of his ministry, there have been 1000 deaths and 1000 baptisms; he has preached about 4000 written sermons, and about 3000 extemporaneous ones; fitted for college 150 students, and more than 30 for the ministry. Dr. P. is now 2 years of age.

EPISCOPAL CONVENTION. It appears from the report in the Gazette, that in consequence of a message received from the House of Bishops on Friday, a discussion ensued which ended in ordering the message to be laid on the table; and at an evening session, the Resolutions of the Minority of the Joint Committee, and the message of the Bishops, were severally taken up, discussed, and *rejected*.

On Saturday, the Rev. Mr. Gibbs introduced resolutions, declaring the Episcopate of Ohio vacated, by the declension of Bishop Chase to perform the duties of Diocesan, and that the testimonials of Rev. C. P. McIlvaine, Bishop elect of that Diocess, be considered, and signed.

After a long debate, and taking the question on concurring with the resolutions of the Bishops, which was lost, "the resolutions of Mr. Gibbs being in order, were taken up and read. The previous question was again called for, and sustained. The main question being put in the same manner as in the preceding cases, a majority of States was found to have prevailed, in both orders of the House. So the President declared the resolutions PASSED.

The testimonials of Dr. McIlvaine were then considered and signed, as were those of the Bishop elect of New Jersey, Vermont, and Kentucky.

After the passage of the Resolutions of the Rev. Mr. Gibbs, it was remarked by a member, that the House had rejected *two* sets of resolutions, and adopted a *third*, all so near alike to each other, that it had puzzled *the Philadelphia lawyers*, as well as *divines* to point out in what essential way they differed. It gave credit to the New York lawyers for the *ruse de guerre* which they had used in carrying their point, and which gave them so much apparent satisfaction.

We understand the consecration of the Bishop elect of Kentucky, Ohio, New Jersey and Vermont will took place on Wednesday last.—*New York Com. Adv.*

DISTRICT COURT OF PHILADELPHIA. Friday, Oct. 26th. *Dogherty* vs. *Donoghue.* This was an action brought by Thomas B. Dogherty against the Rev. Mr. Donoghue of the Catholic Church, (formerly of Ireland,) to recover the penalty—assigned by an act of the Philadelphia Legislature about a century ago against any Clergyman or other person, who should solemnize the marriage of any minor (or one under 21 years of age) without the consent and knowledge of his parents. The penalty specified by the act is £50 sterling.

Brewster for the plaintiff, and Haley for the defendant.

The marriage of Dogherty, son of the plaintiff, to Ann M'Allister, by the defendant, was proved by the groomsman and bridesmaid of the parties. She (it was evidenced) was not under 20 or 21 years of age, while her betrothed was born on the day in February 1815, when it was first announced in this city that peace had been concluded between the Union and Great Britain—but she proved to him "That fatal form which first love traced."

In the defence it was contended that the father had not been aggrieved or sustained an injury by the marriage of his son, who being poor as he was young, could not require a compensation for his loss—that the defendant did not know the age of the bridegroom, and was not aware of the law prohibiting the marriage of minors, or of any person under a stipulated age. The penalty of £50 was considered enormous, and the statute almost obsolete—it was urged that the defendant was rather poor, and that the plaintiff had not justly (however legally) a right to recover compensation solely from the ignorance of the defendant, not from any personal injury or loss—it was also said the ev

STEAMBOAT ACCIDENT. The steamboat Manhattan, Capt. Pulsteen, on her way down to New Orleans on Thursday evening, 4th ult. collapsed her flue,—and two or three lives were lost.

[From the New England Magazine.]

BOSTON NOTIONS.

ADDRESSED TO DR. SPURZHEIM.

Great man of skulls! I must let loose
My pen against you;—more 'n the pity,
For surely you have played the deuce
Among the noddles of the city.
I won't malignantly assail
Your fame, and say you mean to joke us;
But faith, I can't make head or tail
Of all this mystic hocus pocus.

The brains of our wiseacre cits,
Thy learned lore so strangely leavens,
Good luck! their wisdom and their wits
Lie all at sixes and at sevens.
Here 's one all zealous to maintain
There 's wisdom trees thy wondrous art in;
Another cries, with cool disdain,
"Tis all my eye and Betty Martin."

There 's Billy Dough-head, harmless youth,
Who ne'er touched sword, or ever saw gun,
Fumbles his sconce, and finds, forsooth,
That he 's a huge *destructives organ*.
In doleful dumps his mother quakes,
For now, beyond a harmless mockery,
He tries his hand at work, and makes
Macadam of the glass and crockery.

And plodding Tim, so dull and fat,
To whom the Fates ne'er granted favor,
To work his way through sharp and flat,
Or tell a crotchet from a quaver,
Is thrown into harmonious freak,
And wow, in symphony diurnal,
He makes his crazy fiddle squeak,
And roars a jargon most infernal.

Hen-hearted Bob, whose rising wrath
So small a danger smooths and evens,
That should a finger cross his path,
He 'd run away from Major Stevens,
Has made a most surprising jump,
Doffed in a trice the calf 's skin vile, and
Cries out, "I 'm brave! Behold the bump!
'Tis just the shape of Noddle 's Island!"

There 's Mopus will the world astound;
Though deep in silent dulness sunk, he
Has felt upon his head and found
That he 's mimetic as a monkey.
One chapter of thy doctrine sage,
His noddle pate has popped so pat in,
The fool has taken to the stage,
And learnt a part to tear a cat in.

Here 's Joe the truckman, too, it seems,
The rhyming bump you 've found to show him;
He 's got him foolscap, forty reams,
And set about a ponderous poem.
Dick Dusty whilom swept the streets,
But since thy lectures late have met his
Wise ears, he tries mechanic feats,
And tinkers mousetraps and dumb-bottles.

Indeed, can one believe his eyes?
'Tis o'en 'mong politicians; some skulls
Do hold themselves prodigious wise,
Albeit most portentous numscullls.
Mein Herr, what has your reverence done?
A Stoic 's jaws must be padlocked, or
He 'd laugh to see the learned fun
Caused by a grave High German Doctor.

S.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, Charles Cushing Paine to Frances Dalzel, daughter of the Hon Charles Jackson—Wm. Lawrance to Ann Maria Smith—James R. Brown, Esq. formerly of Guayama, P. Rico, to Eliza Ann Todd—Miss Nichols to Elizabeth Johnson—Wm. F. Serritt to Elizabeth Clay—J. B. King to Frances Gorham—George Higginson of New York, to Mary Cabot, daughter of Henry Lee, Esq.—John G. Flagg to Sarah Reeves, daughter of the late Capt. Reeves of Salem.

By the Rev. Mr. Young, William Kent, of the Warren Theatre, to Elizabeth Eberle, of the Tremont Theatre.

In Cambridgeport, Thomas Atkinson to Evelina Sawyer.

In Roxbury, Samuel Felton to Sarah A. Skinner.

In Salem, Henry Deland of Boston, to Sarah Silver.

In Scituate, Noah Bodge of Boston, to Lydia C. Dwelley.

In Walpole, Ira Gill, of the firm of Olney, Dexter & Gill, of Boston, to Caroline Billings.

In Portsmouth, Alonzo Hartwell of Boston, to Sarah L. Walker.

DEATHS.

In this city, Hannah Proctor, relict of Col. Edward Proctor, 87—Mary Langdon, wife of Henry Cunningham, 33—Susan S. Foster, daughter of Thomas W. Foster, 21.

On Thursday, George Mudge, printer, 21, formerly of Portsmouth, N. H.

In Cambridgeport, Homer Davis, an orphan child, the death of whose parents was announced a few weeks since.

In Charlestown, Samuel D. Hunt, 35—Martha T. wife of Isaac Hadley, 28—Hannah Taylor, 64.

In Hingham, Israel Cowen, about 50, formerly of Scituate.

In Salem, widow Bailey, 100 years and 11 months; her son, aged 80, attended the funeral.

In South Hadley, Abigail Goodman, 21.

In Deerfield, Asa Marston, 75.

In Brunswick, Me. Rev. Samuel Woodward, 83, one of the oldest ministers in Maine, of the Baptist denomination.

In Washington, Wm. Osgood, 34, son of Timothy O. of Andover.

In Cincinnati, of cholera, A. G. Winslow, formerly of Boston.

Drowned at sea, 10th Sept. John A. W. Garrett, of Boston, 22.

NOTICE.

SAMUEL A. EATON, WATCH MAKER, (formerly opposite the "Old South,") respectfully informs his friends and the public that he has recommenced the business of his profession, and can be found at No. 69, Washington, corner of Court street, opposite the Post Office, where every attention will be paid to Chronometers, Watches, Clocks and Timepieces, of every description, particularly to Musical, Repeating Duplex and Levers.—At the store may be had (from the most splendid assortment) Watches, Clocks and Timepieces, from the first manufactories in Europe, of every description of escapement, imported by Mr. ALFRED WELLES. tf nov 3

Silk, Velvet Stocks

WITH Satin bows, a rich and warm article for Winter.

—ALSO—

FLAT BOWS, New Style—Bombazine, Satin and Silk Stocks, and a good imitation of a cravat, are just finished.

—ALSO—

AMERICAN WOOLEN HALF HOSE—Fine white and mixt yarn half hose of American manufacture—Beautiful Merino Under Shirts and Drawers, for sale at KIMBALL'S, 12 Washington street. nov 3

Academy of Drawing & Painting

MR. CARDELLA respectfully informs the Ladies and Gentlemen of this metropolis, that he has taken a house in the upper part of Harvard Place, opposite the Old South, where he intends to devote his time to PAINTING PORTRAITS, at very moderate prices, and in a style that shall not fail to please.

He also intends to give lessons in DRAWING & PAINTING, in the Italian style, to a class of young ladies or gentlemen, or to any one who may please to favor him with a call. Terms moderate.

Amateurs and others who may have a desire to see his Historical and other Paintings, which were recently exhibited in this city for a short period, may do so by calling at any time between the hours of 2 and 5 o'clock in the afternoon—free of expense. Those who may wish to have their portraits taken may call at any hour.

N. B. Mr D. possesses the art to repair any good Ancient Picture—and will be happy to attend to this line of his business, whenever any gentleman may please to favor him with a call. oct 20

Fradier's French Razors.

JUST received a few of these celebrated RAZORS, made by Fradier in Paris, who obtained in England a Gold Medal as a prize for tempering Steel.

E. V. ASHTON, 130 Washington street.
oct 6 tf

Depilatory.

FOR removing superfluous hair on the face, neck and arms, with unerring certainty and safety, leaving the skin whiter and softer than before.

DESTRUCTIVE DEPILATORY.

Wet very sparingly a sufficient quantity of this powder to make a thick paste of about the size of a dollar, and with the blade of a knife apply it, letting it remain about five minutes; after which wash the part thoroughly with water, and apply a little Cold Cream or Crème de Perse which will effectually prevent its chapping.

CAUTION.

The manufacturers again caution the public against imposition. Many persons have complained of being imposed upon with the counterfeit, which has a bad effect, or none at all, depreciating the reputation of the genuine article.

The subscriber has just imported a supply of the above, which will be sold less than the common prices, viz. $1, 25 cents single bottle, $12 the dozen bottles.

E. V. ASHTON, 130 Washington street.
nov 3 tf

New-England Magazine.

THIS day Published by J. T. & E. BUCKINGHAM, No. XVII. of the New England Magazine, for November.

CONTENTS.

Original Papers.—Art. I. Thoughts on True Epicurism. II. The Dead Set. III. Yankeeisms. IV. House of Reformation. V. Horses in Boston. VI. Romance and Reality. VII. Boston Notions. VIII. Fools. IX. Conversation with a Lizard. X. Meditations in a Barber's Shop, No. 3. XI. Leaves torn out of a Scrap Book. XII. Book Divination. XIII. Cattle Shows and Conventions, and other matters. XIV. Sonnet.

Monthly Record—XV. Politics and Statistics—United States, South Carolina, Vermont.

XVI. Literary Notices. XVII. Miscellanies.. XVIII Obituary Notices. XIX. Our File. XX. Literary Intelligence. nov 3

BOSTON INK STORE.

PRINTING PRESS WAREHOUSE.

No. 39, Cornhill, Boston.

THE subscriber is now receiving a fresh and full supply of *HASTINGS'S PRINTING INK*. Also on hand constantly, *CLARK'S PRINTING INK*. New and second handed Smith, Tufts, and other *PRINTING PRESSES*—black and red Writing Ink—Partridge's Paste Blacking and Blacking Powders—Black Ball—Blank Books—Paper—School Bibles and Testaments.

—*RED AND BLUE PRINTING INK*—

Partridge's Oil Leather Preservative, for Harnesses, Boots and Shoes.

—ALSO—

INDELIBLE INK, manufactured and put up by himself in as good style and of as good quality as any ever offered in the market.

—ALSO—

GRANVILLE'S VEGETABLE LINIMENT for burns, chapped hands, inflamed wounds, humors, &c.; a good article which every family should be in possession of. JOHN PUNCHARD.
Sept 22

A Beautiful Head of Hair

IS the grandest ornament belonging to the human frame. How strangely the loss of it changes the countenance and prematurely brings on the appearance of old age, which causes many to recoil at being uncovered, and sometimes even to shun society to avoid the jests and sneers of their acquaintance, the remainder of their lives are consequently spent in retirement. In short not even the loss of property fills the generous thinking youth, with that heavy sinking gloom as does the loss of his hair. To avert all these unpleasant circumstances, C. & A. OLDRIDGE'S BALM OF COLOMBIA stops the hair from falling off on the first application, and a few bottles restores it again. It likewise produces eyebrows and whiskers; prevents the hair from turning grey, makes it curl beautifully, and frees it from scurf. Numerous certificates of the first respectability in support of the virtues of Oldridge's Balm, are shown by the proprietors.

☞ E. V. ASHTON, 130, Washington street, has just received a further supply of the London BALM OF COLOMBIA tf mar 3

William Brown,

RESTORER AND POLISHER,

NO. 10, Devonshire street, (opposite the Exchange Coffee House,) Boston, Restores and Cleanses Gentlemen's Coats, Pantaloons; Ladies' Merino Shawls, Coats and Habits: Curtains, Cushions, &c. Also, Military Dresses, done in prime order.

Polishes Ladies' and Gentlemen's Boots, Shoes and Slippers, in a style a little superior to the best of them.
sept 22 3w

New York Mirror.

THE first number of a new volume of the Mirror is published, which will certainly, in every respect, far surpass its predecessors. The list of contributors has been greatly augmented and now embraces the best established and most successful writers, besides a *foreign correspondence* of acknowledged interest and ability: consequently, the *literary contents* will be more varied, and will be enriched with more valuable and abundant supplies of original composition, both in prose and verse, than any work of the kind extant. Into the *pictorial department*, under the sole direction of Mr. Weir, no engraving will be admitted unless of the *very first order*. A number of *wood cuts*, finely executed by Mason, will also occasionally appear, in addition to the *superb plates* with which the work will be quarterly embellished. On these the most lavish expense will be bestowed. The *music* will be under the direction of the distinguished amateur whose reputation is identified with that of the brilliant operas lately produced by him in this city. The whole collection will consist of rare and choice *musical gems*, selected from the highest sources, and with the most scrupulous regard to the rapidly improving taste of the community. Among them will be melodies, ballads, marches, waltzes, songs, duets, glees, &c. arranged for the piano forte, guitar, harp, flute, &c. Issued weekly, corner of Nassau and Ann streets,

New York, July, 1832.

New Novel

THIS day is published by CAREY & LEA Elizabeth Bennet, or Pride and Prejudice, a novel by the author of Sense and Sensibility, &c. 2 vols. aug 25

Nice Teeth Brushes.

MANUFACTURED by John Eckstein, Philadelphia and warranted superior to the English Teeth Brushes made by "Prout," "Smyth," or "The Chevalier Ruspini."

The principles upon which these beautiful Brushes are made is such as to *secure firmly* the bristles to the bone, and render them a good lasting Brush, scientifically adapted for the purpose of cleaning the Teeth. The importance of this, will very readily manifest itself to persons who have been in the habit of using the ordinary kind of Teeth Brushes and have realized the unpleasant sensations produced by the bristles escaping their fastening and lodging in the mouth, this and many other objections are effectually remedied in the Brushes here recommended. Those who have heretofore given a preference to the English solid back Teeth Brushes will find these superior in every respect and will be sold for less than half the price —viz. *six for one dollar*.

The subscriber has received from the manufacturer a supply of these approved brushes which will be sold at the above uncommon low price. *E. V. ASHTON*,
july 21 130 Washington street.

Life Preservers.

DEER SKIN UNDER SHIRTS AND DRAWERS, useful and highly recommended articles for rheumatic persons and others liable to be affected by sudden changes of the weather, east winds, &c. for sale at KIMBALL'S 12, Washington street. sept 22

New Novel.

EUGENE ARAM, a tale by the author of "Pelham," "The Disowned," "Devereux," &c. being Nos. 19 and 20 Library of Select Novels. Just received and for sale by R. P. & C. WILLIAMS, No. 18 & 20, Cornhill. feb 25

The Cholera Gazette,

PUBLISHED by CAREY & LEA, the Cholera Gazette, No. 11, containing a Letter on Cholera Asphyxia, by J. Bond Reed, M. D.; Cholera at Troy, N. Y.; Reasons why the Medical Staff of India did not consider the Spasmodic Cholera contagious; Christian on the Cholera; Progress of the Cholera. sept 29

Benjamin's Practical House CARPENTER

JUST published and for sale by R. P. & C. WILLIAMS, Benjamin's Practical House Carpenter; being a complete development of the Grecian Orders of Architecture, methodised and arranged in such a simple, and comprehensive manner, as to be easily understood; each example being fashioned according to the style and practice of the present day, containing examples of the Tuscan, Doric, Tonic, Corinthian and Composite Orders, with all their details drawn to a large scale; to which are added, a series of Designs for Porticos, Frontispieces, Doors, Windows, Caps and Sills, Sash Frames, Sashes and Shutters, Base and Sur-Base Mouldings, Architraves, Chimney Pieces, Trusses for Roofs and Partitions, Stairs, &c. Engraved on sixty-four large quarto copper plates. By Asher Benjamin, Architect. Author of "The American Builder's Companion," and "The Rudiments of Architecture." jan 21

Bosoms and Collars.

100 DOZEN fine Linen Shirt Bosoms; 200 do. Collars, for sale at KIMBALL'S, 12 Washington street, wholesale and retail. Oct 13

TREMONT THEATRE.

☞ THE LAST APPEARANCE BUT TWO OF

Mr. E. FORREST,

Who will appear in Dr. Bird's highly celebrated Tragedy of ORALLOOSSA!—OR THE SON OF THE INCAS.

ON MONDAY EVENING NOV. 5th, 1832.

Will be presented, Dr. Bird's Tragedy, called

ORALLOOSSA;

OR,.....THE SON OF THE INCAS.

Oralloosa, - - - - - - Mr. E. Forrest.
Oballie, - - - - - Mrs. G. Barrett.

To conclude with the Petit Comedy called the

DUMB BELLE;

Capt. Vivian, - - - - - - - - Mr. Barrett.
O'Smirk - - - - - - - - - Mr. Comer.
Eliza - - - - - - - - Miss G. Barrett

☞ The Manager has great pleasure in announcing the engagement of the RAVEL FAMILY, for a few nights—who will have the honor of making their first appearance on Tuesday evening in a variety of entertainments.

☞ PRICES. First and 2d tier of Boxes $1—3d tier of Boxes 75 cents—Pit 50 cents, and Gallery 25 cents.

Doors open at 6 o'clock—performance to commence at half past 6 o'clock.

John H. Copp,

20 STATE STREET, has for sale a rich assortment of French, English and American *BROADCLOTHS, CASSIMERES & VESTINGS*. Also—a large quantity of Ready Made Clothing.
april 14 tf

Patent Stock Frames,

7-8 AND inch Stock and Suspender Buckles, for sale at KIMBALL'S, 12, Washington street. sept 22

☞ The Only True & Genuine.

DAY & MARTIN, have, in order to counteract the pretensions of "Legal Attornies"! self styled Sole Agents, and other impositions, sent to the subscriber 74 casks of their unrivalled JAPAN BLACKING, which will be sold, by the single jug or quantity, at unexampled low prices. Overbearing and jealous Mercenaries have of late become so audacious as to assume not only a sole agency but a "Legal Attorneyship"! and make use of these high soundings words signifying nothing, as a means to force their injurious imported counterfeit Blacking into this market, using as a *bait* to the unwary and credulous, titles, which were never vested in them by the original Proprietors, Day & Martin, 97 High Holborn, London.

E. V. ASHTON, 130 Washington-street.

N. B. The Advertiser is constantly selling the true Day & Martin's Blacking (not counterfeit) at prices 15 per cent less than the self announced "Legal Attorney"!

The Parisian Bear's Grease!

FOR PRESERVING AND BEAUTIFYING THE HAIR.

OF all the inventions which are daily offered to the Public, there is none which possess the virtue of making the Hair grow *thick, long and glossy* except the true Bear's Grease.

This article has always been acknowledged to be the most beneficial to preserve, thicken, and beautify the Hair, rendering it soft and easy to curl, without the application of curling irons which in a little time injures the beauty of the hair by singing and burning it, and in many cases changes the color. Its reddish hue, which is natural, it being a mixture of the blood that is found in the Grease, and possesses *the true renovating power for quickening the roots of the hair*.

The manner of using it is to take a piece as big as a small pea, apply it as near the roots of the hair as possible, and by a few repetitions the astonishing virtue of this production will disclose itself.

Manufactured only by Dissoy & Piver, Paris, and their genuine is put up in beautiful Porcelain pots, with their name and address

They have just supplied the subscriber, with a new and fresh supply. E. V. ASHTON,
feb 18 is4ostf 130, Washington street.

London Quarterly Review.

JUST published by LILLY & WAIT, the London Quarterly Review No. 94.

CONTENTS.

Art. I Memoires, Correspondance, et Ouvrages inedites de Diderot.

II. The Birds of America, engraved from Drawings made in the U. States. By John James Audubon, F.R.S. &c. Vol. I.

III. The Life of Archbishop Cranmer.

IV. The Catechism of Health; or, Plain and Simple Rules for the Preservation of Health, and the Attainment of a Long Life.

V. The Rights of Industry.

VI. Some Memorials of John Hampden, his Party, and his Times.

VII. History of the War of the Succession in Spain.

VIII. Mechanism of the Heavens.

IX. A letter to a Noble Lord who voted for the Second Reading of the Reform Bill, on the Amendments which it may be expedient to make in the Committee.
Sep 18

Cox's Journey.

ADVENTURES on the Columbia River, including the narrative of a residence of six years on the Western side of the Rocky Mountains, among various tribes of Indians hitherto unknown; together with a journey across the American Continent. By Ross Cox. Just received and for sale by R. P. & C. WILLIAMS, Nos 18 & 20 Cornhill. m 5

Irving's New Book.

THE ALHAMBRA: A series of Tales and Sketches of the Moors and Spaniards. By the author of the Sketch Book, in 2 vols.

Also,—The Youths Book on Natural Theology, illustrated in familiar Dialogues, with numerous engravings. By Rev. T. H. Gallaudet, late principal of the American Asylum for the Deaf and Dumb in Hartford.

Also,—Moubray on Poultry, containing a treatise on Breeding, Rearing and Fattening all kinds of Poultry, Cows, Swine, and other domestic animals. By B. Moubray, Esq Reprinted from the sixth London edition, with such abridgements and additions as it was conceived would render it best adapted to the soil, climate and common course of culture, in the United States. By Thomas G. Fessenden, Esq. Editor of the New England Farmer.

Just published and for sale by R. P. & C. WILLIAMS, 18 and 20 Cornhill. June 16

New Directory.

BOSTON DIRECTORY for 1832 and 1833. Just received and for sale by *R. P. & C. WILLIAMS*, 18 and 20 Cornhill. july 7

Treatise on Mineralogy,

BY CHARLES UPMAM SHEPARD, A. B. Lecturer on Botany in Yale College, Member of the American Geological Society. &c. &c.

Also—A COMPLETE GUIDE TO STENOGRAPHY, or an entire New System of Writing Short Hand. For the use of schools and private tuition. By T. Towndrow, Professor and Teacher of Stenography. 2d ed. Just received and for sale by R. P. & C. WILLIAMS, Nos. 18 & 20, Cornhill. june 9

Chapman's Sermons.

JUST received and for sale by R. P. & C. WILLIAMS, 18 & 20 Cornhill. Sermons upon the Ministry, Worship and Doctrines of the Protestant Episcopal Church, by G. T. Chapman, D. D. late Rector of Christ Church, Lexington. Second edition—good paper and type, at a price much reduced.

It was at the suggestion of a highly valued friend that the sermons upon the Church were prepared and their delivery was accompanied with repeated request for publication.—*Preface*.

I am satisfied with their reception, it far exceeds my most flattering anticipations I could have ventured to indulge. From many of the bishops and other clergy, commendatory letters have been received which have repaid me a thousand fold for the anxieties inseparable from a first attempt to win the approbation of an enlightened community.—*Preface 2d edition*. Sept 8

DANIEL GRAHAM,

FORMERLY in the employ of Mr. William Gallagher, at the Exchange, returns his hearty thanks to his friends and the public, for the liberal patronage received from them during the eight months that he has kept the BANK COFFEE HOUSE, in Lindall-street.

Having made material repairs on the House, and having also the benefit of more experience, he would now respectfully request a continuance of the public favor. He would inform those who are not already acquainted with his Establishment, that he has attached to it a RESTORATEUR, which enables him to furnish Meals at any hour of the day, and dishes of any sort that may be desired.—He will always take a pride in providing the very best articles the market affords. Clubs and Parties can always be accommodated with Dinners or Suppers, at the short est notice; and would also receive a few regular Boarders, or furnish Meals by the week as well as single, on reasonable terms, tf may 26

Merino Shirts and Drawers.

FINE Merino, Worsted, Cotton and Linen Under Shirts and Drawers, for sale at KIMBALL'S, 12 Washington-street. Oct 13

WARREN THEATRE.

CORNER OF PORTLAND AND TRAVERSE STREETS.

☞ Mr. Pelby has great pleasure in announcing the re-engagement of

Mrs. BARRYMORE,

In compliance with the wishes of the patrons of this establishment, for a limited number of nights.

ON MONDAY EVENING, NOV. 5th, 1832.

Will be presented the Melo Drama called

THE SISTERS;

OR, THE HEROINES OF SWITZERLAND.

Carelia, } The Sisters { Mrs. Pelby.
Ida, } Mrs. Barrymore.

After which the Farce of

'TWAS I;

OR,.....THE TRUTH A LIE.

Marcel Margot - - - - - - Mr. Brown.
Georgette Clairville - - - - Miss Pelby.

To conclude with a "New Fairy Tale," called

KABRI,

THE WOODEN SHOE MAKER.

Kabri, (the Wooden Shoemaker) Mr. Brown.
Annalette - - - Mrs. Barrymore.

☞ Box Tickets, 50 cents; Pit Tickets 25 cents. Doors open at half past 6. Performance to commence at 7 o'clock.

PEARLY WHITE TEETH.

Compound Chlorine Tooth Wash.

THE Compound Chlorine Tooth Wash effectually cleanses the Teeth, and will answer the purposes of the best dentifrice. It contains no acid or any ingredient which can in any case be injurious. It will also be found to keep the brush itself free from all impurities.

It has the further advantage of cleansing the mouth also; and of removing whatever is offensive in the breath. It hardens the gums, and is a valuable remedy for canker or soreness of the mouth. In fine it preserves the teeth and mouth in all respects in a clean and healthy condition. It is agreeable to the taste. Gentlemen who are in the habit of using tobacco, will find that the tooth wash will speedily remove all the effects of it from the mouth.

That the public may rest assured of the very salutary effects of this composition, the following recommendations which have been received by Lowe & Reed, Proprietors, are submitted.

From S. A. Shurtleff, M. D.

I have used your 'Compound Chlorine Tooth Wash,' and find it an excellent article for removing the fœted breath from decayed teeth, and also in restoring the gums when spongy, to perfect health. On using it in the evening, it will preserve a sweet and pleasant taste in the mouth during the whole night. I have prescribed it in diseases occasioned by mercurials, and find it excels all other remedies in restoring the mouth to a healthy state, in a short time.

Yours, &c. S. A. SHURTLEFF.
Boston, March 15, 1831.

From J. B. Flint, M. D.

I have administered the Compound Chlorine Tooth Wash you were good enough to put into my hands, and at your request am very willing to say, that the result of my little experience confirms the opinion I had formed of it, from a knowledge of its composition. I believe it to be an ingenious, agreeable, and efficacious preparation for preventing the offensive effects of depraved secretions in the mouth, and for invigorating and preserving the gums.

JOSH. B. FLINT.
Boston, March 16, 1831.

From J. W. Webster, M. D., Erving Professor of Chemistry in Harvard University.

Harvard University, Cambridge, March 14, 1831. I have examined the 'Compound Chlorine Tooth Wash,' received from you, and have no hesitation in stating my belief that it will answer the purpose for which you have compounded it. I have discovered in it no ingredient which can prove injurious to the teeth.

Yours, &c. J. W. WEBSTER.

From Benjamin Silliman, M. D. Professor of Chemistry in Yale College.

Messrs. Lowe & Reed—I return you my thanks for the bottles of Compound Chlorine Tooth Wash which I have received, and which I cannot doubt will prove beneficial, as the ingredients named by you, and confirmed by Mr. Hayes, are all salutary in regard to the object in view.

I will use the preparation at your request, and should I see any cause to dissent, I will write to you on the subject.

I remain, gentlemen,
Yours respectfully,
B. SILLIMAN.
New-Haven, Conn. March 23, 1832.

The proprietors have just supplied the subscriber with the above, which will be sold wholesale or retail at the customary prices.

E. V. ASHTON, 130 Washington-street.
aug 25 tf

Flooring Boards, &c.

FOR sale at 65, Broad-street, a few M feet hard pine Flooring Boards, ready planed, tongued and grooved, fit for laying down without any further labor—price less than they can be furnished by any one else.
nov 5. E. COPELAND, Jr.

Tales of the Early Ages,

BY Horace Smith, author of "Zillah," "Brambletye House," &c. &c. Just received and for sale by R. P. & C. WILLIAMS, Booksellers and Stationers, 18 & 20 Cornhill.

Also, a good assortment of BOOKS. sept 1

The True Eau de Cologne.

V. ASHTON, No. 130, Washington street, Boston, informs the public that he has just received 200 dozen Eau de Cologne, from Jean Maria Farina's Place Juilers a Cologne, whose distillation has been generally preferred to that of any other establishment.

E. V. A. particularly impresses on the public the necessity of purchasing the genuine Cologne, as there have lately been introduced into the market large quantities of a cheap kind, purporting to be genuine. This cheap article has nothing of Eau de Cologne but the name and outward appearance, it being made in this country from strong alcohol mixed with prussic acid and hot pungent essential oils, when taken internal is highly dangerous. The genuine Eau de Cologne owes its peculiar qualities to the grape spirit which composes it, distilled with medical herbs indigenous to the banks of the Rhine. tf mar 3

Washington Hotel,

NEW YORK.

THIS extensive and well known establishment, heretofore conducted by Mr. James Hamilton, is now continued by the subscriber; who hopes, by constant exertions, to sustain the good reputation of the house.—Gentlemen with ladies, and families can be pleasantly accommodated with parlors and lodging rooms adjoining. Dinner and supper parties, society meetings, &c. provided for on the most reasonable terms. Permanent boarders, and merchants from the country, will find the charges reasonable. The best wines and liquors constantly on hand; and the tables supplied with the luxury and variety of the different seasons. The location of the house being 232 Broadway, near the Park, is not surpassed by any other in the city. HENRY JOHNSON.
New York, June 1.

New Books.

FOR sale by R. P. & C. WILLIAMS, Nos. 18 and 20 Cornhill.

The Life of Frederic the Great, by Lord Dover, in 2 vols. being Nos. 41 and 42 of Harper's Family Library.

The Boys and Girls Library of Lives of the Apostles and Early Martyrs of the Church, by the author of Trial and Skill.

Cholera, as it recently appeared in the towns of Newcastle and Gateshead, including cases illustrative of its Physiology and Pathology, with a view to the establishment of sound principles of Practice, by T. M. Greenhow of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Member of the Royal College of Surgeons in London, &c. &c.

Ouseley's Remarks on the Statistics, &c. of the United States.

The Heidenmauer, or the Benedictines, by the author of the Spy, Pioneer, &c. 2 vols. 12mo bds.

Also, a great variety of BOOKS.
Oct 6

Semi-Crescent Edge Razors,

MANUFACTURED from the finest India Steel. The construction of these Razors is eminently adapted for taking off the Beard with a degree of ease and dispatch superior to any other kind whatsoever.

The subscriber has received a supply of these universally approved Razors from the original manufacture, Sheffield. E. V. ASHTON, 130, Washington street.
June 30

Stocks! Stocks! Stocks!

COUNTRY TRADERS will find at KIMBALL'S Manufactory, 12, Washington street, the greatest assortment of middling and low priced Stocks to be found in this city.

—ALSO—

Cravat Stiffners; Shirt Studs and Linen Collars, at low prices. april 14

SECOND EDITION.

THE COMMENTATOR.

SUNDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 4, 1832.

☞ We call the attention of our young readers to the advertisement of Mr. Richardson, writing master. On Monday next a class of young gentlemen will be formed who will compete for two prizes, which are to be awarded to those who have made the greatest progress in forty lessons. Labor omnia vincit, is Mr. R's. motto and without derogating from the system of penmanship professed by others in this city and who pretend to teach scholars to write elegantly in six and twelve lessons. For ourselves we place much more confidence in Mr. Richardson's method of instruction, founded as it is on that maxim which every one should apply to all the concerns of life.

Mr. R. refers to several gentleman of this city for evidence of the success of his labors.

☞ The Steam boat mail arrived yesterday afternoon a little before two o'clock. The papers are filled with electioneering articles and totally devoid of news. Our extracts are necessarily few.

☞ We are sorry to have to state, says the New-York Mercantile, that the brig Charles, which sailed from Boston on the 20th ult. with a cargo of provisions, contributed by the benevolent inhabitants of that city for the suffering people of the Cape de Verd Islands, was much injured in the late gales. She put into this port last evening to repair. The brig Hyperion, from Portland, for New Orleans also put into this port last evening, having lost the master, Captain McManus overboard, on the 25th ult. during a heavy gale.

Yesterday morning, between seven and eight o'clock, a young horse attached to a dray, and under the guidance of two young men, became restive on the lower side of Market street, between Sixth and Seventh, and sprang away from his guides, running directly down Decatur street, demolishing at an awful rate the market wagons tastefully arranged on the lower side. Dashing onward, with the heavy dray still attached to him, he rushed up the five marble steps on the north side of the Arcade, sweeping away a portion of the heavy iron railing, pursued his way along the eastern avenue of that spacious building, scattering far and wide the shopkeepers' boxes, passed down the steps of the south front, taking with him at the dray wheels another portion of the iron railing, and continued directly across Chestnut st. into the Messrs. Loud's' Piano Forte Manufactory, and here would have been a signal crashing of the "beautiful and frail," but that, fortunately, the horse in his haste made no calculations for the width of the dray, and while the animal found ingress for a part of its "person," the shaft of the dray struck violently against the lintel of the door, making an indenture as deep and large as if a nine pounder had been let off against the premises. Considering the number of persons usually assembled in the places through which the animal passed, it is marvelous that no personal injury was sustained.—*U. S. Gaz.*

CHOLERA.

KANAWHA, C. H. (Va.) Oct. 25.—The cholera has at length came home to us. There have been two cases in the Licks, and it is spreading in all the Ohio towns. There are now two steam boats lying in the shoals below town, one of which has it on board.

CINCINNATI.—The Board of Health report on the 20th ult. 16 deaths. There have also been in the Commercial Hospital and Lunatic Hospital, 30 cases and 5 deaths.

DEATHS

Reported at the Health Office, in Boston, for the week ending November 3d, at 12 o'clock M.

October 27	Harriet Marston	17	years.
"	" Ann McKenzie	7	"
"	" James Goff	4	"
"	" Mary Hannefy	45	"
"	" Catharine McGinn	30	"
"	" Catharine Bullard	8	weeks.
"	" Mary Mullen	5	months.
"	" Sarah Ann Lean	12	"
"	28 Henry White	43	years.
"	" Sarah Fracker	75	"
"	" Rufus L. Cutler	8	months.
"	29 John Demsey	55	years.
"	" David Farnam	40	"
"	" William Golding	42	"
"	" Ann M. V. Bond	6	months.
"	" Mary Ann Freeman	33	years.
"	" Francis T. S. Kelley	4	months.
"	" Mary L. Cunningham	32	years.
"	30 Darby Donovan	14	days.
"	" Susan Hall	7	weeks.
"	" Sarah Butterfield	6	months.
"	" Jane Williams	50	years.
"	" James W. Holton	6	weeks.
"	" James W. Sparrell	4	years.
"	" Hannah Delany	11	"
"	31 Hannah Proctor	87	"
"	" Joseph Scandlan	10	months.
"	" Dennis Sheein	32	years.
"	" Israel Lapham	24	"
"	" Patrick Coleman	33	"
"	" Benjamin Bodge	46	"
"	" Susan H. Foster	21	"
"	" William McGann	5	"
November 1	Thomas H. Dunbar	2	"
"	" John S. Larkin	31	"
"	" Sarah Eaton	74	"
"	2 Margaret Sharff	70	"
"	" Hannah Blanchard	14	days.
"	" Charles Hall	35	years.
"	3 Ellen Maria Jack	2	"

Diseases—Consumption, 5—convulsions, 2—cholera malignant, 5—cholera infantum, 1—canker in the bowels, 1—disease of the heart, 1—hooping cough, 1—infantile, 3—intemperance, 1—inflammation of the bowels, 1—lung fever, 3—mortification, 1—old age, 2—paralysis, 1—scrofula, 1—spasms, 1—teething, 3—typhus fever, 1—uterine hemorrhage, 1—worms, 2—unknown, 4

Males, 20—Females, 21. Still Born, 3.

SAMUEL H. HEWES,
Superintendent of Burial Grounds.

Beautiful Paris Morocco Goods.

A COMPLETE assortment of very beautiful Paris manufactured Morocco Goods, of high cost and superior finish, some very expensively mounted with silver and steel. Among the assortment are Ladies' Souvenirs, Card Cases, Note Books, Needle Books, Thread Cases; Gentlemen's large and small Pocket Books, with double folds, lined throughout; Gentlemen's Wallets, different patterns and sizes.

Persons in want of nice articles of this description are invited to examine this rich collection, as the variety comprises more than one hundred different patterns.

E. V. ASHTON, 130, Washington-street.
Oct 20 tf

Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopedia,

VOLUME 17.

THIS day is published by CAREY & LEA, History of Spain and Portugal, vol. 1, being Vol. 17 of Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopedia.

"A general history of the Spanish and Portuguese Peninsula, is a great desideratum in our language, and we are glad to see it begin under such favorable auspices; we have seldom met with a narrative which fixes attention more steadily, and hurries the readers mind along more pleasantly."

Volume 2 is now at press. July 14

SHIPPING JOURNAL.

PORT OF BOSTON.

SATURDAY, NOV. 3.

ARRIVED.

Schr Albion, Nickerson, Straits of Belleisle; Senator, Watt, Philad; Davenport, Norton, N York; Banner, Blish, Hallowell; Rambler, Portsmouth; Sea Flower, Woodbury, Salem.

Schrs Lady Howard, Post, Philad; Enterprise, Whitney, N York; Eveline, Knight, Portland; Pearl, Colby, Newburyport; Lydia, Portsmouth.

Sloops Boston Packet and Venus, Portsmouth.

CLEARED.

Ships Gloucester, Lane, St Thomas; Mary & Sarah, Pierce, N Orleans; Hercules, (new) Cope, do; London Packet, Howland, N Bedford.

Brigs Tilton, Smith, Matanzas, Cuba; William, Haviland, St Thomas and a market; Attention, Stanley, Baltimore.

Schrs Little Mary, (Br) St John, NB; Water Witch, (Br) do; Mary Ann, (Br) do; Prunella, (Br) Windsor, NS; Friends Delight, Kelly, Richmond; Clara, Hartford; Enterprize, Nantucket; Geo Washington, do; Transit, Emery, Bangor; Boston, Patten, Bath, George, Woodward, West Machias.

Sloops Wm Penn, New Bedford; Leader, Nantucket; Boston, Doxbury.

At 5, P. M.—Brigs Chatham, Deane, Baltimore; Mohawk, Howes, Philadelphia.

Schrs Page, New York; Ocean, do; Flying Gossamer, Portsmouth; Dover Packet, Dover; Wm Tell, do; Adeline, Smith, Hallowell; Warsaw, Rich, Bangor; Prospect, Young, Haverhill.

Sloop Iris, Davis, Gloucester.

NEW YORK, Nov 1—ar ship Halcyon, Mansfield, 45 Sept. Spoke Oct 11, lat 36, lon 70, brig Carrabassett, 9

MISCELLANIES.

LONDON POLICE.

Bow Street. *Remarkable Case.* On Tuesday a tall and very portly good looking man, of gentlemanly appearance, about 69 years of age, accompanied by a very pretty young girl and a police man of the M division, suddenly appeared before the magistrates, and the former asked "If there was any charge against Mr. B." The magistrates were somewhat surprised; upon which the policeman said, the gentleman's name was Brown, and that he lived in Prospect place, Walworth. An application having been made at Marlborough street, a few days since by a lady, who alledged that her daughter had eloped with Mr. Brown from her school, he (the policeman) made inquiries, and found the gentleman and the young lady at Prospect place. When he informed Mr. Brown of the mother's application, Mr. Brown insisted on immediately going before a magistrate.

Mr. Minshull—I have heard of no charge against Mr. Brown.

Mr. Brown said he would explain. The young lady now before their worships was the daughter of the late Rev. Dr. Milner, rector of Middletown, in Sussex, one of ten children left with her mother when Dr. Milner died. An application was made on her behalf to the corporation established for the relief of the children of the clergy who may have fallen into distress, and that body consented to advance their usual sum of 35*l.* towards her maintenance and education at school. She was then placed at school in the establishment of a Mrs. Field, at Marlow, Buckinghamshire, who agreed to take her for three years for 60*l.* in the character of an apprentice, the difference of 25*l.* to be made up by her friends. The balance, however, was not paid, and she became distressed for the want of the necessaries becoming her situation; and three months ago she ran away from the school, and came to London. He (Mr. Brown) having been informed of this circumstance, employed Ruthven and other police officers to endeavor to trace her and at length succeeded in finding her at a house in the Borough, from whence he took her to his own residence, where she had remained ever since. It had been stated in the newspapers that she had eloped with him from school, which was scandalously false; his only anxiety being to preserve her from destruction. She was found by the officers wandering about in the Borough, and since that period he had been exerting himself to raise a subscription for her, in order to procure her respectable employment, and provide for her future comfort and happiness.—In this object he had been assisted by the Bishop of Chichester, the Duke of Portland, the Earl of Stamford and Warrington, the Duchess of Kent, Mr. Penn (of Pennsylvania,) residing in Spring gardens, Mr. Drummond and Mr. Childs, the bankers, all of whom had subscribed sums of money, amounting in the whole to 57*l.* The Bishop of Chichester, however, in lending his aid for the daughter, begged he might not be drawn into a correspondence with the mother, to whom he had a great dislike. "The fact is," added Mr. Brown, "that the object of Mrs. Milner in making the application at the police office, was to obtain a part of the money which she knows had been subscribed for her daughter."

Mr. Minshull—On what terms have you lived with Mr. Brown.

Miss Milner—As his guest, merely Sir; and he has been very kind to me.

Mr. Minshull—Still I cannot understand why this case comes before me.

The policeman said Mr. Brown had been informed that Mrs. Milner had been waiting about this office all day on Monday to make a charge, and that was the reason he came here.

Mr. Minshull—Are you a married man, Mr. Brown?

Mr. Brown—No, Sir; I have a housekeeper, a highly respectable woman.

Mr. Minshull, (to Miss Milner)—Where did you sleep in Mr. Brown's house?

Miss *Milner*—With his housekeeper, Sir.

The Policeman—The housekeeper herself told me that fact, Sir.

Mr. Minshull—Really I hardly know how I have jurisdiction to act in this case, but here is a young, and, I believe, an innocent girl, placed in a very singular predicament. It is my duty as a magistrate, to protect innocence as much as to punish the wrongdoer. *Mr.* Brown says, *Mrs. Milner's* object is to obtain the money which has been subscribed for her daughter. This may be so, and probably is the fact. I think the best way would be to write to the clergyman of the parish where her mother resides, and state the circumstances, and request him to make inquiry and through him I will receive any communication that the mother may have to make.

Mr. Burnaby, the clerk, wrote a letter to that effect, and when he had finished it, the policeman said he had reason to believe *Mr.* Brown's regard and anxiety for the welfare of the young lady was of the strongest kind, for that in his presence, *Mr.* Brown had that very morning said he would marry her sooner than she should go back to her mother.

Mr. Brown—And so I would. (A laugh.)

Mr. Minshull—But would the young lady consent?

Miss Milner—I should not object, Sir.—(Laughter.)

Mr. Brown—Upon my soul, Sir, I am serious; and I will marry her too, if she does not too speedily alter her mind; and to tell you the truth, I don't think she will prove a fickle jade. (Increased merriment.)

Mr. Minshull—Then this part of the business seems to have been previously discussed between you?

Miss Milner—O yes, Sir. (Laughing heartily.)

Mr. Minshull—But you cannot marry without the consent of your mother, can you?

Miss Milner—Yes, Sir, by being asked in church; and Sir, (added the young lady, dangling her reticule before her face, and casting a laughing glance towards *Mr.* Brown that must have been perfectly irresistible,) to speak the plain, that has been done, and we—we are to be married next Sunday, Sir.—(Roars of laughter.)

Mr. Brown joined with great apparent glee in the merriment, said this was quite true, and there was no use in denying it.

Mr. Minshull—I think *Mr.* Burnaby, the expense of postage may be saved; you need not send that letter, and *Mr.* Brown is at liberty to depart.

Mr. Brown then left the office, Miss *Milner* leaning very affectionately on his arm, and the fond couple looking "unutterable things" at each other.

From the New-York Gazette.

Messrs. Editors,—I recently took up a number of the London United Service Journal, in which I found the article below, entitled "The Yankee's Visit to Sir Joseph Banks." It bears internal evidence of truth, and I therefore send it to you for insertion.—At what period the visit took place, I cannot tell, but it must have been as much as five and twenty years ago. Mr. Shackford, the Yankee, is I believe, now living in the western country, and used to possess all the marks of eccentricity ascribed to him in the interview. His son now commands a ship from this port. Previous to the visit to Sir Joseph, he built, or purchased, a small vessel, in which he embarked *alone*, for, and navigated to, Great Britain, and the manner in which he describes the voyage is the same that I have heard from his townsmen. When he arrived in port, he was supposed to be a pirate—that he had murdered the crew of the vessel—and was arrested. He produced his shipping paper, which contained *one name only*, and other documents to prove his proper character, and it was not till after some persons in England were found who knew him in this country, that he was set at liberty. He made his return voyage to America in safety, and is supposed to be the only person that ever crossed the Ocean without a companion! T.

The Yankee's Visit to Sir Joseph Banks.—Sir Joseph Banks, hearing that there was a man in London, who had crossed the Atlantic in a boat alone, was desirous of seeing him, and got some Americans to go to the hotel, and contrive ways to bring him to his house.—This was easily effected. Shackford in company with Capt. Follansbee, paid Sir Joseph a visit. They were asked into a room devoted to natural history. Shackford looked around, and was pleased to see so many things which were so many real curiosities, preserved so well. At last he saw a young crocodile in a tub of water, and took notice of him, as he appeared, now above, and now below the surface. Sir Joseph soon made his entry. 'Is this Mr. Shackford, who crossed the Atlantic in an open boat?' inquired Sir Joseph.—'Yes sir,' was the reply, 'I have done that, sir.' 'What were your sensations in the middle of the ocean, alone?' was the next inquiry.

'Why, sir, I suppose you mean to ask me how I felt on my voyage; I was sometimes dry, and I drank; I was sometimes hungry, and I ate; I was sleepy, and I dozed a little; that was easy, for I had a nice cuddy, and I fixed a tiller there and slept with my helm in my hand—and there was no great difficulty in that.'—'What mathematical instrument had you?' was the next inquiry. 'Why a compass and an axe, a pair of pistols, and a sword that Gen. Pulawski gave me.'—'How was you sure you was right in your course?'—'I was not sure, but I guessed that I was right, as I steered east when I had got pretty well up to the north, and that I knew would take me to England, or somewheres thereabouts, and that was right enough for one whose time was his own, and who owned the craft he was in, and had plenty of provisions on board.'

'You have, sir,' said Shackford, 'a fine omnium gatherum here; what are you going to do with the crocodile you got there?' I am about preparing a paper to read before the Society, upon his habits and nature, which I shall read tomorrow. Do you know any thing about the animal, Mr. Shackford?'—'I lived three years in the W. Indies, where they were as thick as grasshoppers.' 'Have you ever heard their moans to entice and allure travellers to come to them, in order, as writers in natural history have mentioned, that they may secure them as their prey?' inquired the philosopher. 'No, they never did any such thing, for, a good reason, they have no tongues to make a clear sound with; and they cannot make a noise, except one of bringing their jaws together.—They move the upper jaw, and somehow bring it down with great force, and a single sound proceeds from this; but how can a thing moan without a tongue? Look into his mouth, and you will find that he has no more tongue than the great elephant I saw the other day in this city.'

'Why,' said Sir Joseph, 'you do not mean that an elephant has no tongue?' 'Yes, I do,' replied Shackford, 'mean to say that he has no tongue, and what does he want one for, as he has such a thing at the end of his nose, by which he can feel a thing as nicely as a lady's finger could, and then use it as a sledge hammer to knock one's brains out with!' 'How do you know that to be a fact,' inquired Sir Joseph, 'that he has no tongue?' 'Why in the best way in the world; I looked into his mouth until I was satisfied of the fact; and then it stood to reason in my mind, that he did not want one, with so fine a tool as he has, for the purpose of hands, tongue, and sword.' 'Well,' said Sir Joseph, not a little mortified, 'the crocodiles are very ferocious and dangerous.' 'Why,' said Shackford, 'they have a good large mouth of their own, and an ugly-looking set of teeth, but very seldom attack a man; a very slight splash in the water generally frightens them off. Once in a while they catch a young negro in the water, the old ones don't mind them any more than musquetoes.' Sir Joseph's paper would not do; all his ornament of that wondrous moaning, and great fierceness, at last had opposers.—To end the conversation, and hie off to the tower, or to Exeter Change, to see the elephant, was now evidently Sir Joseph's wish, but Shackford seemed in no hurry to go. Sir Joseph, in trying to hide his impatience made several hasty inquiries.

'Did you ever see a collection like this before?'—'No,' said Shackford, 'the nearest like it, is at my barber's shop, the other side of the water.—He had a stuffed alligator, the skin of a dog fish, several handsome lizards, and the head of a catamount, the last he set most store by, as that gives him an opportunity, once a week, to tell the story of the animal's having jumped from tree to tree with a child in his mouth.—I have heard the story a hundred times, and he never told it twice alike. I don't care much about seeing these altogether, but I love to see them in those parts where they are natural; and that is one reason why I rove round the world so.' 'Mr. Shackford, what books do you carry with you on your voyages and travels?' 'The Bible, sir, Watts' Psalms and Hymns, and Robinson Crusoe, not many others. I looked around and read the book of nature, and generally picked up something worth remembering,' was the reply.

'I should think, said Sir Joseph, 'that you would find many things that would puzzle you in your researches.' 'I do,' said Shackford, 'and so does every man I ever saw. Now, Sir Joseph, let me make plain what I mean; can you tell me what animal that is of the Nile, which is born with a tail, without legs, and dies if he comes to his growth, with four legs, without a tail?' Sir Joseph pondered.

'Why,' said Shackford, 'it is a frog. When a pollywog he has a tail and no legs, but when he becomes a frog he has four legs without a tail. I placed his birth in the Nile, which deceived you, learned sir, but you know the frog is found in every mud puddle in creation as well as the Nile. Now, said Shackford, 'I have great love for learned men, but they don't know every thing.' Sir Joseph was glad to get rid of the maniac, who had crossed the Atlantic alone in a boat, something more than his friend Cook had done, when the navigator and the philosoper quarrelled.

Indigestion, Jaundice Liver and ... COMPLAINT

A N EFFECTUAL REMEDY. JEWETT'S improved Vegetable Pills, or German Specific will prove a sure remedy for the cure of *Dyspepsia, jaundice,* ... *heart-burn, sour stomach, loss of appetite, dizziness, weakness of the limbs, costiveness, and piles.*

Among the many testimonials recently received of the salutary effect of these pills, the following *strong proof* is submitted for examination.

Extract of a letter from the Rev. Mason Knapen, dated Sudbury, Vt. Sept. 3, 1828.

Dear Sir—It is with no ordinary interest that I undertake to recommend to the public the virtues of JEWETT'S Improved Vegetable Pills or German Specific, for the cure of indigestion, &c. My own case has been one of the most unconquerable kind, having long set at defiance medical aid, dieting, exercise, and the more fashionable specific—the waters of Saratoga. Being totally prostrated in mind and body, I was induced, almost without hope, to make use of the above named Pills, and was surprised to find their powerful and favorable effects. My distressing symptoms daily decreased, and I am now almost entirely cured of a most distressing complaint, which, for seven years, had resisted a great variety of the most popular remedies.

Yours, respectfully,
MASON KNAPEN,
Minister of the Gospel, Sudbury, Vt.

The following is an extract of a letter from a gentleman of Boston, received through the Boston Post-Office, dated Sept. 14, 1828.

Sir—I am induced by feelings of the liveliest gratitude to make known to the public the following cure by means of JEWETT'S Improved Vegetable Pills, or German Specific. My complaint was the Dyspepsia, attended with pain in the side and stomach, loss of appetite, etc. I applied to several physicians, and used all the medicines generally prescribed to persons in my situation; but they proved ineffectual. At last, by the advice of a friend who had been cured of a case something similar to mine, I made trial of the above-named Pills, and by my implicitly following the directions, they gave me almost *instant* relief, and by using two boxes more they effected a permanent cure. I am now enjoying excellent health, and would heartily recommend to those persons laboring under dyspepsia, to make trial of the above medicine.

Many new certificates may be examined on the bill of directions.

Observe that the bill of directions to each genuine box is to be signed H. Plumely, and the label to each box is signed in the hand writing of the joint proprietor.

Certificate of Dr. Baumlin.

The following is a certificate from Dr. C. F. Baumlin, a graduate in medicine at the University of Goettingen.

The subscriber has tested the effects of Jewett's Improved Vegetable Pills, in several severe cases of disease of the liver and digestive organs, and the result has convinced him that they are eminently calculated to subserve the purpose for which they are designed. Considering them altogether superior to those articles commonly offered for similar complaints, I would cheerfully add my testimony in favor of so valuable a medicine.

[Signed] CHARLES FREDERICK BAUMLIN.

Dr. Jewett's American Vegetable Bitters.

These bitters have been extensively used for nearly 30 years, and are highly approved for indigestion, loss of appetite, general weakness, heartburn, nausea, jaundice, sick headache, etc.

They are prepared from vegetables exclusively the growth of our country, and are unquestionably at present before the public the most valuable remedy for those diseases in which bitters of any sort are indicated.

These Bitters are prepared by Stephen Jewett, son of the late Dr. Stephen Jewett, of N. H. and warranted to be of the same quality of those formerly prescribed by his father.—Price 50 cents.

Dr. Jewett's Vegetable Rheumatic and Strengthening Plasters.

For pain in the breast and side, weakness in the joints, rheumatism, etc. Price 50 cents the roll, each of which is sufficient for three plasters.

For sale by LOWE & REED, 24 & 26, Merchants Row; BREWER & BROTHERS, 92, JOHN I. BROWN, 425 and N. JARVIS, 188 Washington-street; JOSEPH KIDDER, 90 Court-street; J. P. HALL, 1 Union-street; MAYNARD & NOYES, 13 Cornhill, Boston;—and by WHITTON & WHEELER, Cambridge; KIDDER & CO. Charlestown, and G. H. CARLETON, Lowell.

may 12 1y

Cooper's New Novel.

JUST published by CAREY & LEA, The Heidenmauer; or the Benedictines. By the author of the Spy, Pilot, Red Rover, &c. &c.

"We cannot but remark on the versatility of Mr. Cooper's genius, which imparts equal life to the wild Indian, the weather beaten sailor, the picturesque pirate, the romantic and mysterious Tyranny of Venice, and the bold feudal spirit of the middle ages. In this very work, Heinrich the Burgomaster, is a perfect Flemish picture.—[Literary Gazette. oct 27

YOUNG'S ALGEBRA.

IN a few days will be published by CAREY & LEA, An Elementary Treatise on Algebra, by J. R. Young, Esq. author of Elementary Treatises on Plain Geometry, Analytical Geometry, Logarithms, Differential Calculus, Integral Calculus and Mechanics. First American edition, with numerous notes, emendations and additions, by Samuel Ward, 3d—which for the first time are given a new and extremely simple demonstration of the Binomial Theorem, a mode of solving questions of all degress, with (compared to the methods of approximation of Newton, Euler and Lagrange,) perfect facility; together with a systematic treatise on the formation, &c. of Logarithms, by which that intricate branch of calculation is rendered infinitely less tedious than formerly. Also, an elaborate treatise on the Diophantine Analysis.—In 8vo. oct 27

Broussais's Pathology.

JUST published by CAREY & LEA, Principles of Physiological Medicine, in the Propositions, embracing Physiology, Pathology, and Therapeutics, with commentaries on those relating to Pathology, by F. J. V. Broussais, M. D. translated from the French, by Isaac Hays, M. D. and R. E. Griffith, M. D. 1 vol. 8vo. june 30

Cast Steel Hones,

FOR Razors, Penknives, Surgeons' Instruments, &c. made and warranted by Charles Babbitt, Taunton, Mass. E. V. ASHTON, No. 130, Washington Street Boston, Sole Agent for the Manufacturer, has just received a new supply of these Hones.

The following recommendations are published for the information of the public.

We the subscribers have used the Cast Steel Hones and we give it as our opinion that they are the best article for sharpening Razors, &c. that have been offered to the public.

Taunton, Nov. 1830.

D. G. W. Cobb,	*Edwin N. Larchar,*
Horatio L. Danforth,	*J. Baylies,*
Jas. Sproat.	*Wm. Boyd,*
Jos. L. Lord,	*Isaac Babbitt,*
S. B. King,	*Wm. Allen West,*
J. B. Davol,	*Luther Hamilton,*
Edward Mitchell,	*Frederick Crafts,*
Benjamin Norris, M.D.	*Saml. L. Crocker,*
Wm. A. F. Sproat,	*Sydney Williams.*

June 16

White's Natural History of Selborne.

JUST published by CAREY & LEA, the Natural History of Selborne, by the late Rev. Gilbert White, A. M. Fellow of the Oriel College, Oxford, with additions, by Sir William Jardine, Bart. F. R. S. E. L. F. S. M. W. S. author of "Illustrations of Ornithology."

"White's History of Selborne," the most fascinating piece of rural writing and sound English philosophy that has ever issued from the press.—*Athenæum.*

C. & L. have lately published, the Book of the Seasons or the Calendar of Nature.

"The Book of the seasons is a delightful book, and recommended to all lovers of nature."—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

The Journal of a Naturalist.

"The Journal of a Naturalist, being the second number of Carey & Lea's beautiful edition of the Cabinet Library, is the best treatise on subjects connected with this train of thought, that we have for a long time perused, and we are not at all surprised that it should have received so high and flattering encomiums from the English press generally."—*Boston Traveller.*

Salmonia; or, Days of Fly Fishing, by Sir Humphrey Davy.

"One of the most delightful labors of leisure ever seen not a few of the most beautiful phenomenons of nature are here lucidly explained."—*Gentleman's Magazine.*

Removal.

WILLIAM BROWN, has removed from his old stand, No. 5, corner of Water and Devonshire streets, to No. 10, Devonshire street, in the rear of the Exchange Coffee House, where he respectfully tenders his services to the public, and in particular to his friends and patrons, and informs them that he carries on the useful art of Cleansing Gentlemen's Coats, Pantaloons, &c. freeing them from all spots or stains and restoring them to their original color.

He also cleanses Ladies' Merino Shawls, Coats and Habits. Likewise Cushions, Curtains, &c. all of which he will execute with his accustomed expedition, for a reasonable compensation.

Also, all Military Dresses cleansed in the first order.

N. B.—If general satisfaction is not given the money will be refunded. 2m april 11

DR. MOORE'S ESSENCE of LIFE.

RECOMMENDATIONS.

Certificate of the Hon. Daniel Buck, late Member of Congress.

I hereby certify, that for eighteen years past I have been most of the time troubled with a tedious cough, occasioned by a catarrhal affection; that in the course of last summer and fall its increase, accompanied with stricture upon the lungs, night sweats, cold chills, temporary heats, a general wasting of flesh and diminution of strength, and a constant fever, strongly indicated an approaching consumption. That though I applied to sundry physicians, and made use of various medicines, I obtained no relief until I committed myself to the care of Dr. JONATHAN MOORE. This was in November last. He liberally administered his Pectoral Drops, or Essence of Life. In less than twenty-four hours after taking this medicine, I found myself in a degree relieved, and I impute the change almost entirely to the use of the Essence. My night sweats, cold chills, and temporary heats have wholly subsided, my fever has much abated, my cough has nearly left me, and I now exhibit every appearance of returning health. DANIEL BUCK.

Norwich, (Vt.) Feb. 17, 1804.

Certificate of the Hon. Jason Duncan.

I hereby certify that I have made use of Dr. JONATHAN MOORE'S Essence of Life in my family, in coughs, and when there was an obstruction upon the lungs, and it has ever given prompt relief. I also have frequently heard of, and by people who have apparently been in a declining state of health, with their lungs affected, and attended with a cough, that on application of the above-mentioned Essence, they received immediate relief. I also, from the experience and information I have received, fully believe it to be a valuable discovery, and that it will prove very beneficial to the public.

JASON DUNCAN.

Dummerston, March 13, 1806.

The undersigned, Ministers of the Gospel in the county of Windham, Vermont, knowing the salutary efficacy of Doctor Jonathan Moore's "Essence of Life," having used it ourselves and in our families, consider it a valuable composition; particularly useful and efficacious in removing complaints of the lungs; and indeed a safe and restorative medicine in the various diseases named in the Doctor's accompanying label; and do most cheerfully recommend its general use, believing it well worthy the patronage of the public.

ELISHA D. ANDREWS, Putney,
CHANDLER BATES,
PHILETUS CLARK,
HOSEA BECKLY, Dummerston.
SYLVESTER SAGE, Westminster
JED'H L. STARK, Brattleboro'.

October 9th, 1806.

Certificate of the Hon. Stephen R. Bradley.

I, STEPHEN R. BRADLEY, of Westminster, in Vermont, do certify, that I have been for some time well acquainted with the good effects of Dr. JONATHAN MOORE'S Essence of Life, in my own family and others; and can recommend it to be an extreme safe and useful Family Medicine, in Colds, Coughs, and all disorders of the lungs and breast; in the Hooping Cough, and all spasmodic complaints; and make no doubt the citizens of America would receive great benefit in a more general use of the same. And being personally acquainted with Dr. Moore, and finding him to be a discreet and well informed man, I cannot but hope he will receive all due encouragement.

STEPHEN R. BRADLEY, LL. D.

Westminster, Sept. 2, 1805.

Certificate of the Rev. Aaron Hall.

This certifies that I have made use of Dr. JONATHAN MOORE'S ESSENCE OF LIFE, for myself, when there was an obstruction upon my lungs, and have found special relief; and from popular report must believe it of eminent usefulness, especially to debilitated habits. It appears to me to be a valuable discovery, and that it may be of eminent service to the human species.

AARON HALL.

Keene, May 2, 1806.

Certificate from the Hon. Phineas White, Member of Congress.

The subscriber hereby certifies, that he has for more than three years past, frequently in cases of coughs, obstructions upon the lungs, and difficulty of breathing, experienced the happy and salutary effect of the use of Dr. JONATHAN MOORE'S Essence of Life, and has witnessed the same in others, and verily believes it to be a most salutary and efficacious medicine.

PHINEAS WHITE.

Certificate from Dana Miller, Esq. Attorney at Law, Bellows Falls, Vermont.

Having had frequent occasion, within the year past, to use Dr. MOORE'S Essence of Life in my family, I cheerfully confirm the public opinion in favor of its general utility, and recommend it as peculiarly efficacious in the Hooping Cough. DANA MILLER.

Bellows Falls, January 11, 1823.

Certificate from Capt. J. Tilden, of Hartford, Vermont.

This may certify to all whom it may concern, that I, the subscriber, have for a number of years been personally acquainted with Dr. J. Moore's Essence of Life, and find it to be a very efficacious medicine in many diseases in our own family, and among our neighbors. I have one child that was given over for an incurable case by my physicians. We made preparations for the last solemn duty we owe to a fellow mortal. The doctors observed, it made no difference what the child took—it was out of reach of medicine. I had recourse to the Essence of Life. To my great surprise, it gave my child relief, which I have every reason to believe we should have lost, if the medicine had not been freely used. I can cheerfully recommend the Essence to my friends, and the public in general. JOSIAH TILDEN

To all whom it may concern.

We, the undersigned Physicians, who have proved the efficacy of Dr. JONATHAN MOORE'S Essence of Life, conceive it our duty to patronize the Medicine, and are of opinion that, if generally used, it will be of public utility.

DR. ABEL DUNCAN, }
" SAMUEL STEARNS, LL. D. } Dummerston.
" WILLIAM TOWN, }
" JONATHAN BADGER, } Westminster.
" NATHAN STONE, Newfane.
" PRESCOTT HALL, Chesterfield.
" PHINEAS PACKHURST, Lebanon, N. H
" CHARLES BLAKE, Northfield, Mass.
" ABRAM HOLLAND, Newfane, Vt.
" C. W. CHANDLER, Andover, Vt.

EBENEZER WIGHT, Agent for the Proprietor, Milk Street, opposite Federal Street, Boston; where the above Medicine may be had at all times, and in any quantity.

nov 12 e3wtf

The Original & Genuine Cologne Water.

MANUFACTURED at Cologne by Francis Maria Farina, the most ancient distiller.

It would be absurd to endeavor to recommend this water for a universal remedy, as it would be superfluous to exaggerate its qualities by extravagant eulogiums; its admirable properties are every where known, and are every day acquiring greater celebrity.

This water, which is made of the finest and most delicate aromatics of the vegetable kingdom, is particularly distinguished by its volatile spirit, its perfume, and its reviving power. It possesses essentially the virtue of softening the skin, embellishing the complexion, and giving to the body a superior degree of elasticity, qualities which cause it to be preferred by the fair sex and people of good taste, to all known cosmetics. It is made use of to purify the air, and to cleanse bad atmospheres, by spreading its odoriferous and corrective properties. Its effects are as salutary as they are agreeable and innocent, and it may be used without fear, except that it is necessary to take the precaution of never going near the fire or a light with it, because it is capable of taking fire suddenly and dangerously. Its refreshing odour is not only preserved in all its vigor and without alteration, but it grows softer by age. It has a singular effect on the brain, which is relieved by it in head ache by inhaling it through the nostrils. It strengthens the sight and quiets pains in the eyes, if a compress wet with it be laid on the eyelids. In toothache, a spoonful of this water, in two of well water, must be held as long as possible in the mouth. It is used with the best effect by means of a compress in burns, tumors caused by falls and contusions. It dissipates, finally, pains in the side, false pleurisies caused by the wind, or cold humors, caused by means of rubbing it on the part affected.

☞ Ladies and Gentlemen who wish to supply themselves with best Cologne Water in the country, may be sure of obtaining the same by applying to the subscriber.

E. V. ASHTON, 130 Washington street.

Sept 1 tf

LION TAVERN—Re-opened.

WASHINGTON-STREET.

AMOS ALLEN, Jr. respectfully informs his friends and the public, that he has taken the well-known stand, long known as the LION TAVERN, on Washington-street. No expense has been spared in fitting it up in a convenient and elegant manner. The BAR CELLAR and LARDER are stocked in a style to satisfy the most fastidious.

The Bar will be constantly supplied with the choicest LIQUORS, WINES, &c. His attendants will be intelligent, prompt and respectful; and his Larder will be stocked with WILD GAME, and all the delicacies of each succeeding season.

☞ He can accommodate at the shortest notice, Societies, Clubs, Engine Companies, and Parties, with Dinners or Suppers, of the choicest delicacies to be found in our Market.

☞ MEMBERS OF THE LEGISLATURE, are particularly reminded of their long tried and approved residence. A separate parlor will be provided for their accommodation, and every exertion made to make them perfectly "at home" while *from home* on public business.

A few regular and transient Boarders can be accommodated in a style to meet their entire satisfaction.

Connected with the house, is a large and extensive LIVERY ESTABLISHMENT, where swift Horses, good Carriages, and careful Drivers, will be constantly on hand. A share of public patronage is respectfully solicited.

Dec 31 AMOS ALLEN, Jr.

American Quarterly Review.

NO. XXII.

THIS day is published by CAREY & LEA, The American Quarterly Review, No. 22, for June, 1832.

CONTENTS.

Art. I. The Public Domain—Annual Report of the Treasury Department, at the opening of the First Session of the Twenty-second Congress.

II. Flint's Mississippi Valley—The History and Geography of the Mississippi Valley. To which is appended a condensed Physical Geography of the Atlantic U. States, and the whole American Continent. 2d ed. By Timothy Flint, author of "Recollections of the last ten years in the Mississippi Valley."

III. Lord Dover's Frederick the Second—The Life of Frederick the Second, King of Prussia. By Lord Dover.

IV. The Tariff Question—New York Tariff Address—Free Trade Memorial and Supplement. Debate in the Senate on Mr. Clay's Resolutions.

V. Oxford Prize Essays—The Oxford English Prize Essays.

VI. Bouchette's British North America—The British Dominions in N. America, or a Topographical and Statistical Description of the Provinces of Upper and Lower Canada, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, the Islands of Newfoundland, Prince Edward, and Cape Breton, including Considerations on Land Granting, &c. By Joseph Bouchette, Esq. Surveyor General of Lower Canada, Lt. Col. C. M. &c. &c.

Message of the President of the U. States, transmitting the Correspondence between this Government and that of Great Britain, on the subject of the claims of the two Governments to the Territory West of the Rocky Mountains.

VII. Life of Gouverneur Morris—The Life of Gouverneur Morris, with Selections from his Correspondence and Miscellaneous Papers; detailing Events in the American Revolution, the French Revolution, and in the Political History of the United States. By Jared Sparks.

VIII. Doctrine of Probabilities—Library of Useful Knowledge. On Probability. Parts I and II. Report from the Select Committee on Life Annuities. Ordered, by the House of Commons, to be printed 4th June, 1829. Report of John Finlaison, Actuary of the National Debt, on the Evidence and Elementary Facts on which the Tables of Life Annuities are Founded. Ordered by the House of Commons, to be printed, 31st March, 1829. A comparative view of the various Institutions for the Assurance of Lives. By Charles Babbage, Esq. M. A. &c.

IX. West Point Academy—United States Military Academy. Reports of Boards of Visitors, &c. june 9

Female Sovereigns.

JUST published, Memoirs of celebrated Female Sovereigns, by Mrs. Jameson, authoress of The Diary of an Ennuyee, &c. in 2 two vols. being Nos. 33 and 34 of Harper's Family Library. For sale at 18 and 20, Cornhill, by R. P. & C. WILLIAMS. July 28

John H. Copp,

NO. 20, STATE STREET,

(North side City Hall,)

HAS constantly on hand and for sale, a choice assortment of superfine

French,
English and
American Broadcloth.

Also, best double mill'd West of England Cassimeres such as

Black,	Drab,
Blue,	Brown,
Steel mix'd,	Olive,
Oxford do.	Pearl,
Sage,	Lavender,
Adelaide,	Leopold cords, and
Royal Reform Stripes;	

With a general assortment of Fancy Goods, which will be sold at low and satisfactory prices.

Garments made in the most fashionable style, at short notice, and warranted to suit or no sale.

French and English cloths, of the highest cost, and superior finish, may be found at all times.

oct 22 tf

Balsamic Vinegar of Florence,

PREPARED by Dissy & Piver, Paris. Of all the acids made use of for the toilet this Florence preparation is the only one that has as yet been distinguished for its good qualities above others for the same use. From its remarkable properties, it is at Florence considered indispensable in dress and for the preservation of health and neatness. It is a gentle Oxymel aperitive and very refreshing, exceedingly useful in removing the heats of the skin, pimples, and curing or preventing the existence of all disorders of the kind. A few drops in half a glass of water are sufficient to form a beautiful original milk, which is used with great success in removing the heat and relieving the smarting caused by the action of the Razor and is extremely pleasant in the daily washing and bathing.

It is a perfect specific against the Cholera, and all contagion; its aromatic and balsamic odour purifies the most unhealthy atmosphere, and gives to rooms the most agreeable perfume. A fresh supply of the Balsamic Vinegar of Florence just received from France, via New York, per ship Albany, and for sale by E. V. ASHTON, 130 Washington-street. 6is aug 4

The New England Coffee House,

BUILT by John D. Williams, Esq. in Clinton-street, is now open for the reception of company by FREDERICK BOYDEN.

N. B. There is a good Stable attached to the establishment. july 28

A WORD

FOR the Church: consisting of the "Churchman and the High Churchman Vindicated," two Episcopal charges by the Rt. Rev. John Henry Hobart, D.D. with an appendix of authorities and a preliminary notice, by George W. Doane, Rector of Trinity Church, Boston.

Just received and for sale by R. P. & C. WILLIAMS, Nos. 18 & 20 Cornhill. aug 25

Theological Library, No. 1.

JUST received and for sale by R. P. & C. WILLIAMS, 18 and 20 Cornhill, The Life of Wiclif, by Charles Webb Le Bass, M.A. Professor in the East India College, Herts, and late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. June 23

Harper's Family Library.

Nos. 36.

CONTAINING Turner's Sacred History of the World.

Also, the whole Library from 1 to 32, making a complete and uniform set.

Also, the second part of the North American Arithmetic, uniting oral and written exercises, in corresponding chapters. By Frederick Emerson, late principal in the department of Arithmetic, Boylston School, Boston.

Just published and for sale by R. P. & C. WILLIAMS, 18 and 20, Cornhill.

Country traders and schoolmasters supplied on the most liberal terms. July 7

The Shrine.

THIS day published by COTTONS & BARNARD,—The Shrine, No. 2, Vol. 1. Conducted by a number of undergraduates in Amherst College. Contents:—Eloquence—The Dying Milanese—English Bards; Wm. Wordsworth—To Laura—The Writings of Junius—The Pursuit of Truth—The Renunciation—The Oath—The Character of David—Night—Solitude—Misapplication of Talent—Conversation on Painting, Sculpture and Poetry—Sonnet; to a Lady—Literary Notices—Editors' Remarks—To Correspondents.

Subscriptions received at COTTONS & BARNARD'S, No. 184 Washington street. June 30

The True Macassar Oil.

THE public are cautioned against purchasing Macassar Oil with any other than the Original Proprietors, "A. Rowland & Son's" names upon it, as some unprincipled speculators have had the audacity to put upon the outside wrapper the name "Rowlandson" by way of deception; others have had the barefacedness to attach their own names to the spurious, calling themselves Wholesale Sole Agents for the genuine. To guard against these impositions, the undersigned informs the public that he has just received from A. Rowland & Son one case of fresh Macassar Oil, each bottle of which has their name and no other upon it, which he has orders and is now selling at $5,75 the dozen and 62 1-2 cents the single bottle.

E. V. ASHTON, 130, Washington-st.

Sept 22

Benjamin's Practical House CARPENTER

JUST published and for sale by R. P. & C. WILLIAMS, BENJAMIN'S PRACTICAL HOUSE CARPENTER; being a complete development of the Grecian Orders of Architecture, methodised and arranged in such a simple, and comprehensive manner, as to be easily understood; each example being fashioned according to the style and practice of the present day, containing examples of the Tuscan, Doric, Tonic, Corinthian and Composite Orders, with all their details drawn to a large scale; to which are added, a series of Designs for Porticos, Frontispieces, Doors, Windows, Caps and Sills, Sash Frames, Sashes and Shutters, Base and Sur-Base Mouldings, Architraves, Chimney Pieces, Trusses for Roofs and Partitions, Stairs, &c. Engraved on sixty-four large quarto copper plates. By Asher Benjamin, Architect. Author of "The American Builder's Companion," and "The Rudiments of Architecture." Jan 21

Bosoms and Collars.

100 DOZEN fine Linen Shirt Bosoms, 200 do. Collars, for sale at KIMBALL'S, 12 Washington street, wholesale and retail. Oct 13

From the London Advertiser.

THE Ladies are requested to peruse the following:—

Loughborough, May 21st, 1832.

Gentlemen,—I have had several testimonials of the good effects of your invaluable Balm of Columbia—one lady in particular, who had a fine head of hair which fell off from small dandriff or scurf. She was recommended to use your Balm, and after using two six shilling bottles her hair was completely renewed and is as thick and healthy as ever; several others, both Ladies and Gentlemen, have found it agreeably beneficial, and almost every case where I have seen it tried it has not only stopped the hair from falling off but has restored it again.

I am, Gentlemen, yours, &c.

W. BUSH.

To Messrs. C. & A. OLDRIDGE, No 1, Wellington-street, Strand, London.

☞ *Oldridge's Balm of Columbia* ☜ prevents the hair from turning grey, and the first application makes it curl beautifully, frees it from scurf, and stops it from falling off. Abundance of certificates of the first respectability are shewn by the proprietors, C. & A. Oldridge, and others who vend the same.

E. V. ASHTON, 130, Washington street, has just received a new supply of the London Balm of Columbia.

aug 11 tf

SUSPENDERS!

LINEN SUSPENDERS with springs, and made without seams or leather. —Also—Silk Suspenders, a very durable article, the webbing composed of pure Italian sewing silk. —Also—India Rubber Suspenders of French manufacture, a very celebrated and elastic article. —Likewise—Worsted and Cotton Net and Web Suspenders, with and without springs; double and single fronts, &c.; together with an assortment of low price, for sale at KIMBALL'S Manufactory, 12 Washington street, a few doors above Dock Square. april 10

Snell on Teeth.

THIS day is published by CAREY & LEA, a Practical Guide to Operations on the Teeth, to which is prefixed a Historical Sketch of the rise and progress of Dental Surgery, by James Snell, Dentist, Member of the Royal College of Surgeons, &c. 1 vol. 8vo with plates. aug 17

India Rubber Suspenders!

FOR Sale by JOHN H. COPP, 20, State street, a fine assortment of French and English Rubber Silk Suspenders. mar 28

A Queer Book.

IN press, and will speedily be published by CAREY & LEA,

A Queer Book, by the Ettrick Shepard, 1 vol; Extreheme, or the Masque, by the English Opium Eater. England and France, or a cure of the Ministerial Gallomania. June 22

Brewster's Encyclopedia.

IMPROVED. Just published and received by R. P. & C. WILLIAMS, Nos. 18 and 20 Cornhill, late Market street, volume 17, part 2, of the American Edition of the new Edinburgh Encyclopedia, conducted by David Brewster, LL. D. Fellow of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, and of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland. Assisted by upwards of one hundred Gentlemen in Europe, most eminent in Science and in Literature, and now improved, for the greater satisfaction and better information of the people of the United States, in the Civil, Religious and Natural History of their Country; in American Biography, and in the great discoveries in Mechanics and the Arts.

The Editor of the American Edition of the Edinburgh Encyclopedia, with great pleasure embraces the opportunity afforded by the publication of the 34th number, to announce to his numerous subscribers the completion of this valuable work in Edinburgh; the latter numbers having been published there within a few months and containing about 70 engravings, many of which are necessary to render the former volumes complete; these numbers have been received, and such arrangements have been made to enable the Editor, with great confidence, to assure the subscribers that the American Edition will be completed in two additional numbers, and ready for delivery soon.

The People's Library.

OR, Encyclopedia Americana, vol 9 Just published by CAREY & LEA, and sold in Philadelphia by E. L. Carey & A. Hart; in New York by G. & C. & H. Carvill; in Boston by Carter & Hendee; in Baltimore by E. J. Coale, and W. & J. Neal; in Washington by Thompson & Homans; in Richmond by J. H. Nash; in Savannah by T. Williams; in Charleston by W. H. Berett; in New Orleans by W. M'Kean; in Mobile by N. Odiorne & Son; and by the principal Booksellers throughout the Union. Volume 9,—containing about 1,500 articles.

(To be continued at intervals of every three months.)

Of the Encyclopædia Americana, a popular Dictionary of Arts, Sciences, Literature, History and Politics, brought down to the present time, and including a copious collection of original articles in American Biography, on the basis of the seventh edition of the German Conversations Lexicon. Edited by Francis Lieber, assisted by Edward Wigglesworth and T. G. Bradford, Esqrs. In 12 large volumes Octavo, price to subscribers, bound in cloth, $2 1-2, each. Each volume contains between 600 and 700 pages.

"The editors and publishers should receive the thanks of the present generation, and the gratitude of posterity, for being the first to prepare in this language what deserves to be entitled not the Encyclopædia Americana, but the People's Library." *N. Y. Cour. & Enq.* april 25

BOOKS.

DOMESTIC Manners in America, by Mrs. Trollope.

Also, the Excellency of the Liturgy. Four discourses preached before the University of Cambridge in November, 1811. Also, a University Sermon; containing the Churchman's Confession or an appeal to the Liturgy. By Rev. Charles Simon, M. A. Fellow of King's College, Cambridge. Second Am. edition.

Also, Remarks made on a Tour to Prairie du Chien, thence to Washington City, in 1829; by Caleb Atwater, late Commissioner employed by the U. S. to negotiate with the Indians of the Mississippi for the purchase of Mineral Country, and author of Western Antiquities.

Just received and for sale by R. P. & C. WILLIAMS, 18 & 20, Cornhill. july 14

Encyclopædia Americana,

VOL. 10.

THIS day is published by CAREY & LEA, Encyclopædia Americana, Vol. 10, a popular Dictionary of Arts, Sciences, Literature, History, Politics and Biography, brought down to the present time, including a copious collection of original articles in American Biography, on the Basis of the seventh edition of the German Conversation Lexicon, edited by Francis Lieber, assisted by Wigglesworth and T. G. Bradford. July 14

The Genuine Oxygen Soap.

THE Oxygen Soap, as a cosmetic, and for shaving, stands unrivalled. It is a composition in which pure caustic alkali is exhibited in its mildest form, united with a large portion of Oxygen—a substance so well known to be essential to life, that it has obtained in its gaseous form, the name of vital air.

All acquainted with the experiments of Sir Humphrey Davy, are aware of the effect the inspiration of pure Oxygen Gas has on the human system; through the medium of the lungs, it invigorates the blood and causes a free and healthy circulation—it imparts to it its principles of vitality and gives its peculiar scarlet hue. Some celebrated French Physicians have recommended the respiration of Oxygen Gas as a sovereign remedy in all consumptive cases.

So in external applications, especially when aided by the cleansing virtues of Soap, it has a similar effect, it renders the skin soft and pliable, and preserves it in a healthy state; it gives it the bloom and purity of youth, and by its invigorating and strengthening qualities, enables the skin to perform its functions, known to be so necessary in the economy of nature for the preservation of beauty and the enjoyment of health. It removes all cutaneous eruptions, and is recommended as the best remedy for roughness of the hands, freckles, &c. that has ever been offered to the public.

☞ E. V. ASHTON, 130 Washington-street, has just received a fresh supply of the Oxygen Soap, and for sale by the dozen or single square at reduced prices.

July 7

Webster on Pestilence.

CAREY & LEA have for sale, A Brief History of Epidemic and Pestilential Diseases, with the Principal Phenomena of the Physical World which precede and accompany them, and Observations deduced from the facts stated. In 2 vols. 8 vo. By Noah Webster.

KIMBALL'S, 12, Washington St.

MANUFACTORY for all kinds of Silk, Bombazine, Velvet, Hair and Satin STOCKS, of every color, size and style, with bows and plain. SUSPENDERS of Silk, Cotton, Worsted, India Rubber, Linen, Net and Webbing, with double and single fronts, springs, rolers, &c. Russia and Common Riding Belts—Patent Stock Frames, etc. etc.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

*** Country Merchants will find these very superior articles for their trade. aug 11 tf

New Novel.

EUGENE ARAM, a tale by the author of "Pelham," "The Disowned," "Devereux," &c. being Nos. 19 and 20 Library of Select Novels. Just received and for sale by R. P. & C. WILLIAMS, No. 18 & 20 Cornhill. feb 25